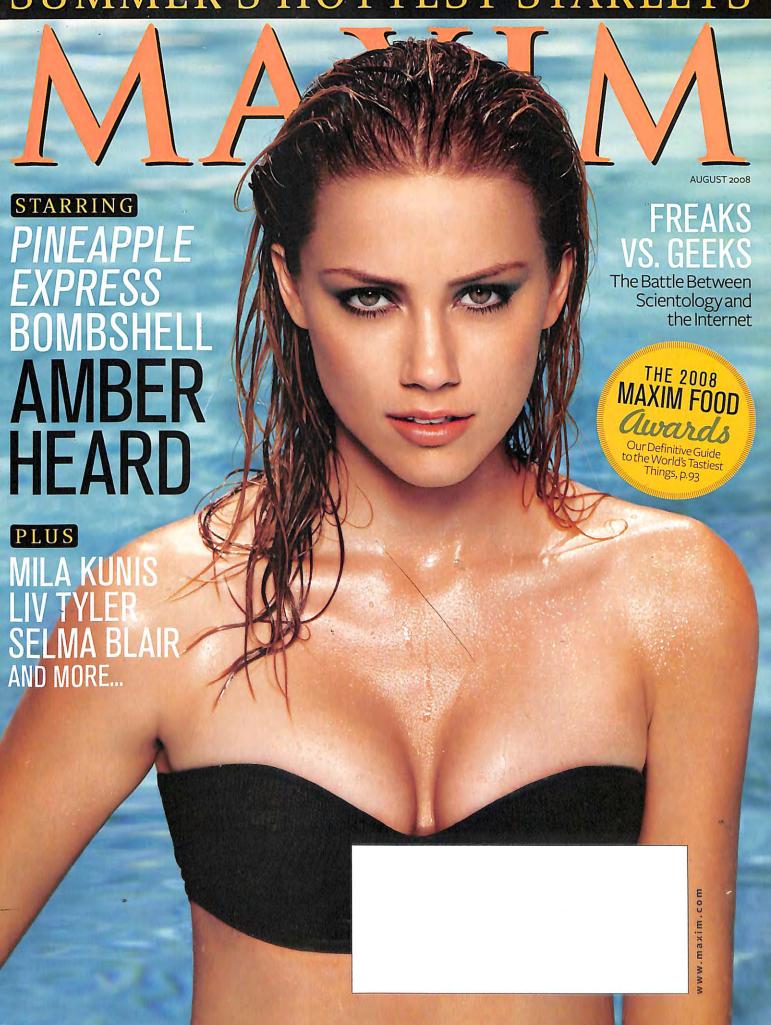
SUMMER'S HOTTEST STARLETS





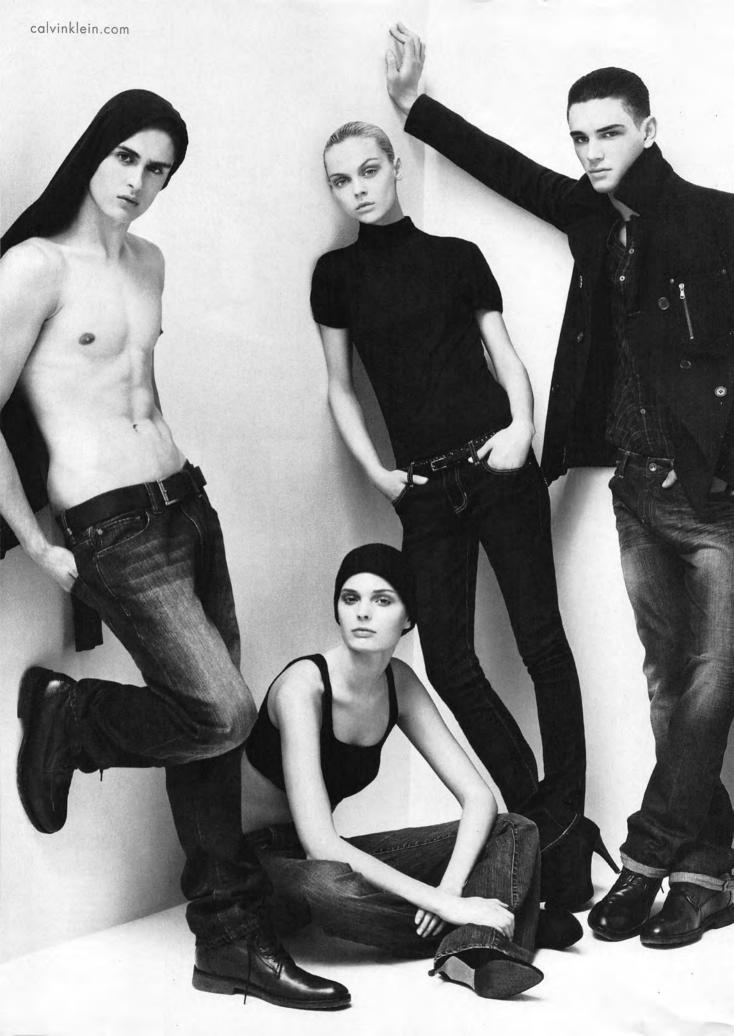
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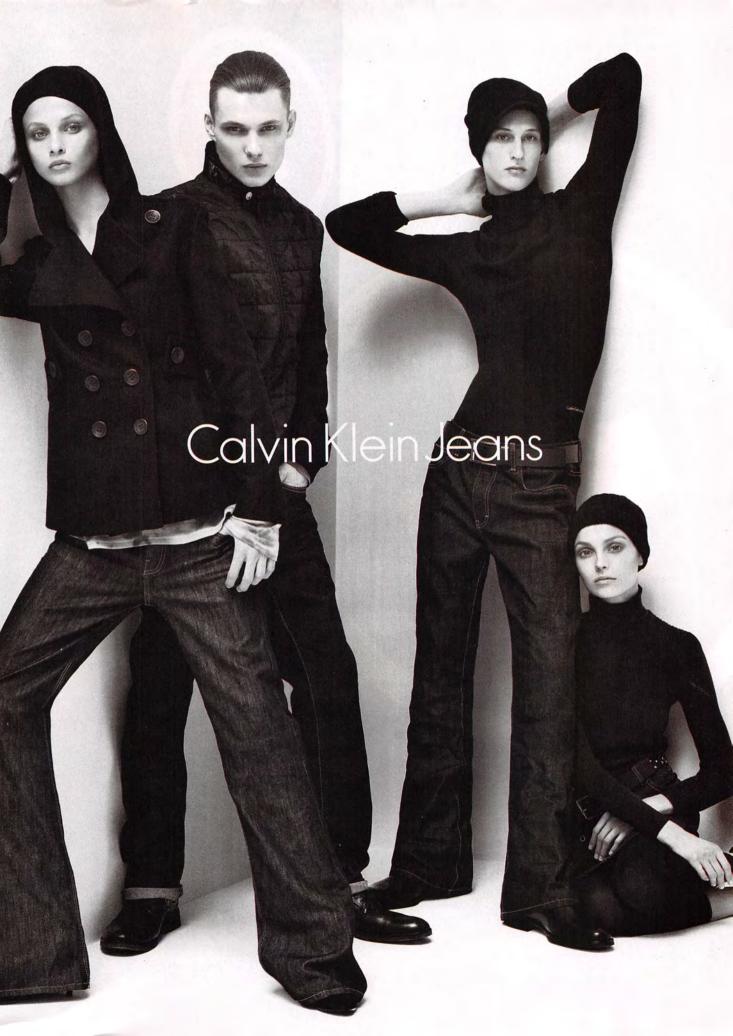
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Amber Heard

Introducing the breakout bombshell of smokin's toner comedy *Pineapple Express*. Attention: Amber alert is in full effect until further notice!

82 Summer Heat Wave

Our cover girl isn't the only starlet burning through celluloid right now. Prepare to obsess over Mila Kunis, Liv Tyler, Zooey Deschanel, and other big-screen beauties.

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The most eccentric living Oscar winner (sorry, Marlon!) on Heath Ledger, haunted houses, and his heavenly ex-wife. By RUTH HILTON

93 The Maxim Food Awards

Get in touch with your gluttonous side as we scour the U.S. for the greatest dishes, eateries, and cocktails, all for your culinary enjoyment (and inevitable gastric bypass)!

106 The Unconventions

From the International Association of Gay Square Dance Clubs to Sex Addicts Anonymous, welcome to the world of wonderfully weird conventions! By STEVEN RUSSELL

108 Anonymous vs. Scientology

Areal-life battle between an underground online army and the most feared and controversial religion on Earth is ushering in a strange new world of 21st-century warfare. A report from the front lines. By DAVID KUSHNER

Photograph, James White; styling, Tara Swennen at the Wall Group; hair, Gio Campora at the Wall Group; makeup, Christy Coleman at the Wall Group; prop styling, David Ross for ArtMix Beauty; bra top, Max Azria



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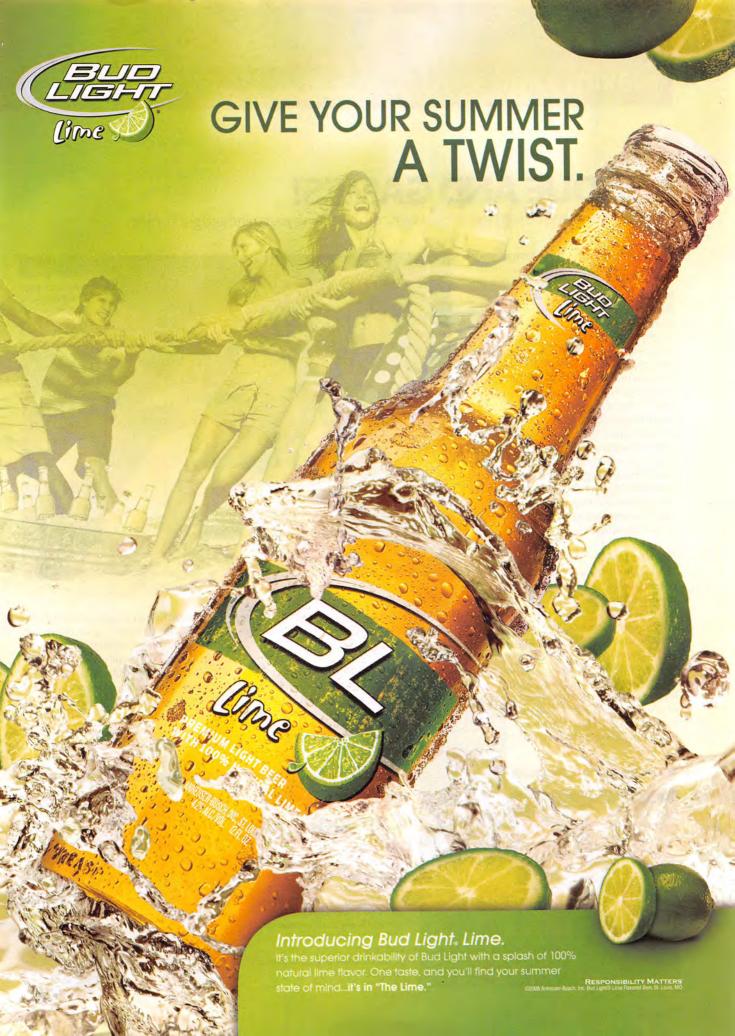
How to buy hardcore muscle cars on the cheap, and enjoying the last Communist paradise on Earth!

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We spend the last rays of summer dressing up and feeling appropriately down—with fashionably gloomy N.Y.C. indie rockers the Bravery.

140 The Decider

What Olympic sport should you play? Sorry, beer pong is not an option. Fingers crossed for 2012, though!



FONDUE AND GAMES!

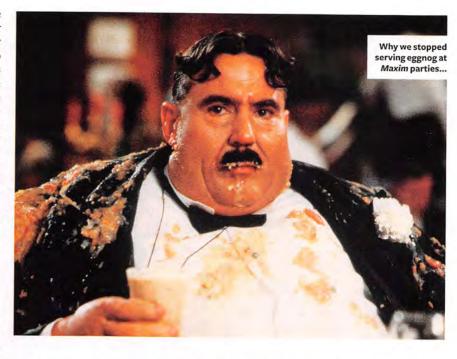
From burritos to the Beijing Olympics, Maxim.com is keeping your mind and gut stuffed.

By this point in the summer, you've been to enough barbecues, outdoor festivals, and street fairs that your blood type is O lard. And what better way to $burn\,off those funnel cakes\, and\, meats\, on\, sticks$ than by perusing the Internet! After you've gorged yourself on the Maxim Food Awards [p.93], where we graciously anoint the gastronomic best of the best, from chefs to cocktails, click over to Maxim.com—your guide to everything a growing boy likes to stick in his mouth. And if there's one cylindrical object that belongs in your craw this summer, it's that all-time man-favorite slice of Mexicana, the $burrito! There\,are\,tons\,of\,places\,that'll\,whip\,up$ a bean bomb for you with no problems, but which burrito-slinging joint really delivers? Taco Bell? Chipotle? That pushcart on the corner? Maxim.com has done the legwork to determine the best, and we have the pico de gallostained shirts to prove it.

Chinese to Go

The Summer Olympic Games—the Super Bowl of synchronized swimming—are just about to get underway in Beijing, but the odds that you'll sit down and watch it all are about as good as Kyrgyzstan's odds of taking the gold in...well, anything. We know you only want to see boxing or that thing with the swords and the dudes with beekeeper masks, which is why Maxim.com has the ultimate Olympics view-

ing guide. And when you grow tired of color commentary guys trying to convince you that black clouds of Chinese pollution can be beneficial



to the lungs of marathon runners, Maxim.com provides the essential summer sampling to what you can be watching instead.

Hit the Lights When You Leave

YOUR HILARITY

The Olympics aren't all about winners—there

are losers too...sometimes millions of losers! After taking our Olympics quiz [p.24], bring your newfound knowledge to Maxim.com, where we celebrate the host cities that found themselves knee-deep in debt, urban chaos, and other disasters brought on by the unfortunate decision to invite the world over for a play date. "Cities Destroyed by the Olympics" reminds us that parties aren't nearly as much fun to host as they are to attend.

Satiated your hunger with Maxim.com's food coverage? Stick around for the best in comedy and immorality!



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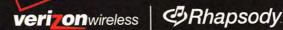






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an you hear that? Given the limitations of the print medium, you probably can't. But it's just a few minutes past noon during the week we ship this fine magazine. and our palatial offices are as quiet as a Men's Health drinking night at Applebee's. The cubicles are deserted. I'd be concerned (rather than just vaguely annoyed), except for the fact that this 90-minute mass exodus occurs daily. The Maxim editors, it turns out, are food explorers of the highest order. Each $after no on they trudge \, across \, our \, particularly \, soulless \, patch \, of \, midtown \,$ Manhattan in a quixotic search for culinary satisfaction. The passion and energy with which these men, women, and imported Vietnamese child laborers (their small hands are great for getting at copy machine paper jams!) seek out sustenance are truly astounding. Their adventures have taken them to falafel stands set up in service elevator lobbies, to incredibly tiny street meat carts owned and operated by the sweatiest human beings on Earth, and to hole-in-the-wall Italian joints whose lasagna lunch specials weigh more than most human heads.

Rather than try to quell this freakish devotion to food, I asked the staff to channel it for the centerpiece of this issue's banquet: "The 2008 Maxim Food Awards" (p.93). Writers and editors traveled far and wide across our supersized nation, hunting for the tastiest, most succulent, most perfectly cooked food ever plopped on a plate. We devoured awesome \$200 pork butts at Manhattan's famed Momofuku Ssäm (note to Alpha Media Group accounting: still waiting on that expense check...), Kool-Aid pickles in South Carolina, deep-fried spaghetti and meatballs on a stick at the Minnesota State Fair. The results of this search—over 60 of the most delicious dishes in America—are painfully mouth-watering, and I urge you not to read the feature on an empty stomach.

Our cross-country gastronomic jaunt was a revealing one. As fascinating as it was to learn of the staff's favorite foods, it was equally enlightening (and far more disturbing) to discover what foods make them want to toss their cookies. A few examples:

Milk. "Makes me want to gag. It's that odor like the inside of a cow's teat, I suppose, that grosses me out."—Senior editor Maria Fontoura

Foiegras. "Is there any reason I'm actually considered upscale for eating this? It tastes like duck liver or something!"—Deputy photo editor Antonella D'Agostino

Mushrooms. "They taste like slimy, moist basement dirt."—Senior associate editor Mike Dawson

Fennel. "I smell it on something and I want to vomit. Try me."
—Editor-at-large Steven Garbarino.

Applesauce. "The most disgusting consistency imaginable. I call it 'devil's dauce."—Contributing editor Steve Russell

Mayonnaise. "Might have something to do with my mom making me eat 'mayo pops' as a kid."—Deputy editor Chris Wilson

They could go on and on, believe me. But there are other things on this month's menu that we feel equally passionate about: great journalism (see "Anonymous vs. Scientology," a gripping piece about an epic

online battle, p.108), awesome sports (aprofile of the most hated man in golf, p.67), and, most important, incredibly gorgeouswomen. Cover model Amber Heard (who sexes up the instant stoner classic *Pineapple Express*) leads the pack of breakout starlets this summer, and we've got amazing photos of her and herjaw-droppingly beautiful peers in our summer blockbuster special. See them here, then go see their movies and write to us and tell us how the popcorn was. Go for the medium, extra butter, no salt. Trust us on this.





James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

Amanda's Wheel of Nausea

 $Witness\,a\,tiny\,selection\,offoods\,that\,make\,our\,perky\,editorial\,assistant\,Amanda\,Thurshwell\,want\,to\,puke.$

BLUE CHEESE: "Blatantly smells like body odor. Enough said."

CELERY: "Vegetables aren't supposed to be stringy. I will pick it out of soups, dips, tuna, and salads."

SODA: "There is nothing refreshing about bubbly syrup. It burns your throat...! don't even know why it's called a soft drink."

ANYTHING MINT-FLAVORED: "I detest

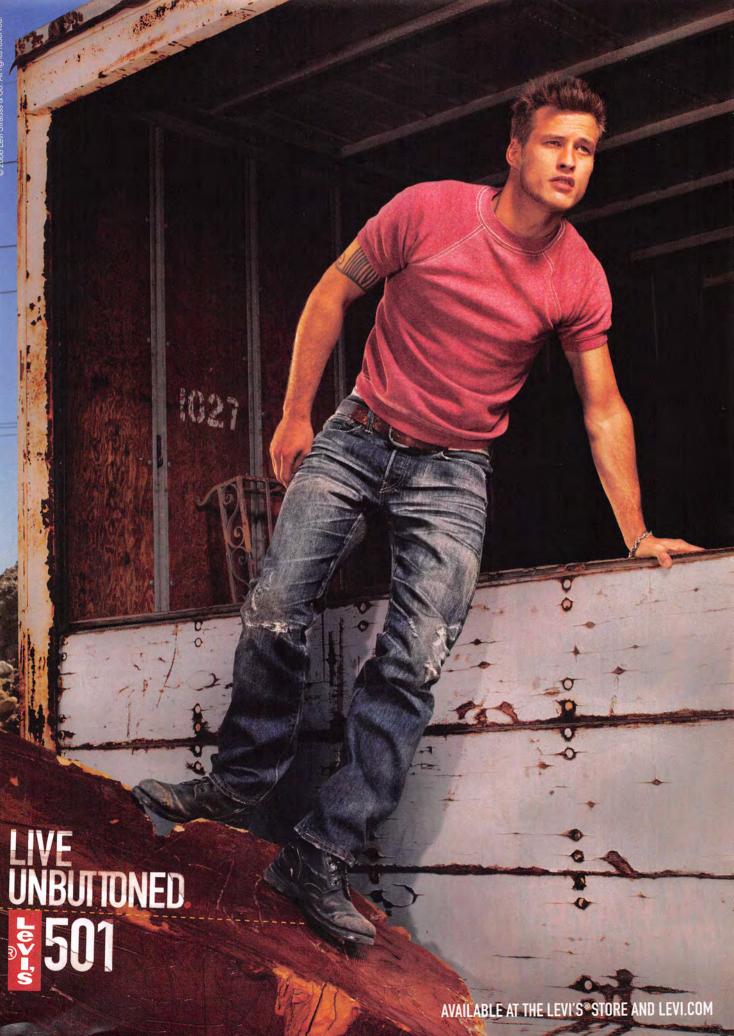
STEAK: "This is not a plug for PETA. The chewy texture and dripping fat truly make me want to throw up—and the smell is hellacious."

TOMATOES: "Drippy, seedy, slimy, and just plain vile."

PEPPER: "I consider 'the master of all spices' a major flavor offender. Anything too peppery automatically gets sent back to the kitchen with strict instructions not just to wash it off...but to make me a new dish."

 GUM: "It creates flavored saliva disgusting!"

ANYTHING MINT-FLAVORED: "I detest anything with mint in it. At 25 years old, I am forced to use that fruit-flavored toothpaste that no one else buys above the age of 10. I won't even allow my boyfriend to eat, drink, or chew anything mint-flavored near me."





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Heaven Can't Wait

Well, that's it. You guys finally did it. The shot of Shannon Elizabeth ["She's a Private Dancer," June] wearing the wife-beater and gray cotton shorts is it for me. She looks better wearing simple things than any other woman wearing anything else ever! Cancel my subscription. I can die happy. I need go no further in life.

Shawn Haney Sacramento, CA

Don't cancel! Your lonely roommate, frisky grandpa, and the drifter living in your basement can enjoy the majesty of a Maxim subscription when you're gone!

Comedy Conundrum

I often peruse my husband's Maxims because, let's face it—Glamour and Vogue just aren't very funny. But I'm so disappointed to see the underrepresentation of funny ladies in your feature on the humor business, "Welcome to Comedy U" [June]. With the exception of Catherine O'Hara and Parker Posey, the comediennes chosen for the piece are relegated to the "cheerleaders" section!

Kristen Olson via e-mail

C'mon, Kristen, we were yukking it up to Elayne Boosler and Paula Poundstone way back when it wasn't cool, OK? As far as we're concerned, female always equals funny!

LETTER-BOXED

Your picks and pans, plus one plucky pugilist offers us his dignity!

Voice of Treason

While I enjoyed "The 10 Worst Broadcasters in Sports" [June], I believe the biggest offender of all was missing from your list. Tim McCarver is the worst in the business, and there are multiple Web sites dedicated to his awfulness.

Jim Brockport via e-mail

While Tim "Captain Obvious" McCarver definitely deserves a place in the Baseball Hall of Shame, there's no way he could beat out our top 10. Fact: Every time Chris Berman yells out a nickname that only makes sense to middle-aged men, a puppy dies.

Flanatic

In June you ran the article "60 Ways to Have the Ultimate Summer!" I will say this only once: Frozen custard is a St. Louis classic; it's not from Atlantic City! That city does have mad flavor in the form of toothless hookers, but it sure doesn't have the wonderful half-ice-cream, half-pudding flavor of frozen custard. Where's my prize? Do I get a toothless hooker?

Carl G. St. Louis, MO

The thing about toothless hookers is they love frozen custard. It's one of the few things in life they really enjoy! We'll see if we can persuade the one who lives in our stairwell to take a bus to St. Louis and crash at your place. Just don't forget to stock up on Purell!

Cancer Licked

I can't believe one of America's top chefs can run a restaurant while recovering from tongue cancer ["The Real Iron Chef," June]. Grant Achatz's cuisine is something I'm dying to taste!

Warner Fessette via e-mail

So is he! Wow. Even we can't believe we went there...



Mail Bonding

Crunching the numbers on our reader correspondence.

81% Disagreed with our choices for the Hot 100's top 10 and assembled their own lists. Who knew you guys loved Margaret Cho so much?



75 % Begged for the phone numbers of our models, free flatscreens, and even a pony. For the last time, we're not giving you Clip-Clop!



53 % Made incredibly clever American Pie references about cover girl Shannon Elizabeth. Hey, boys will be boys! Right, guys?



24 % Loved our piece on excessive rooster molting. Unfortunately, that article appeared in *Bird Talk*, but we also found it very insightful.



10 % Were peeved that former Monday Night Football sidekick Dennis Miller was left off the "10 Worst Broadcasters in Sports" list.



7 % Likened the full-page portrait shot accompanying the Shane MacGowan feature to that of a "mournful wombat."



2 % After reading our blurb on japanesebugfights.com, sent us pics of the roaches that live between their mattresses and box springs. Nice!





LETTER OF THE MONTH

Liver Let Die

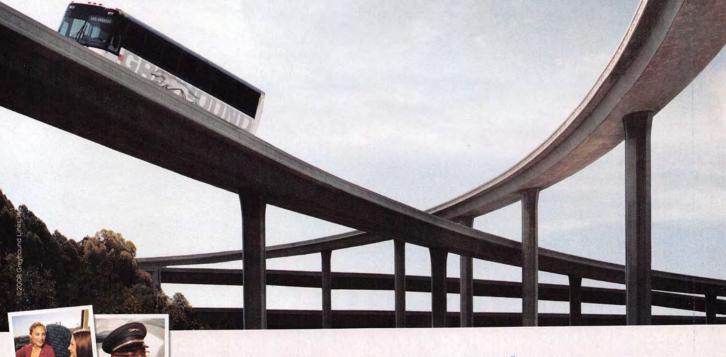
I'm an amateur boxer with a perfect record. My friend's liver is failing, and I'm traveling to donate a piece of my own. To raise money for the trip, I'm looking to permanently tattoo my chest with an ad that could be seen in the ring. How about MAXIM?

Billy Gibby via e-mail

We're not sponsoring you with anything short of MAXIM cattle-branded onto your forehead...Just yanking your trunks, punchy! We hope these free kicks ease the pain of losing a vital organ.

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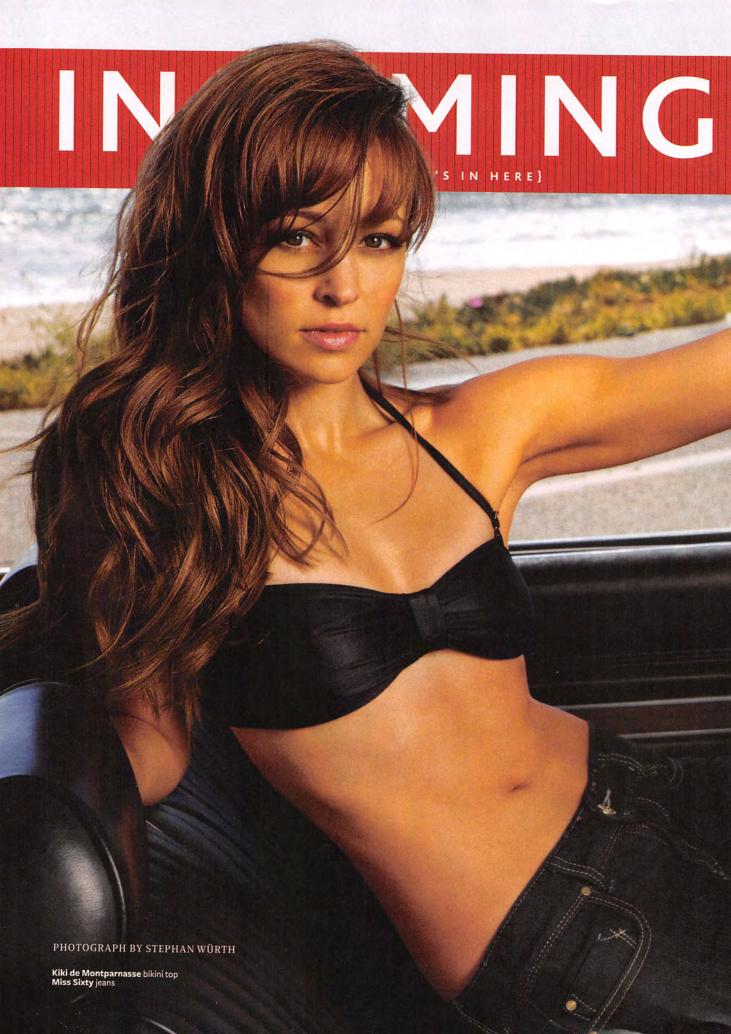


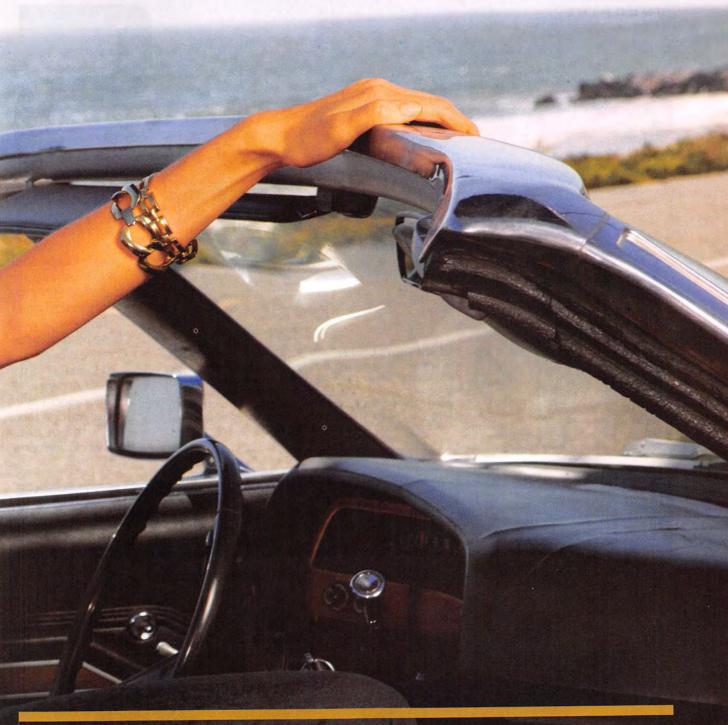












MY FIRST TIME

AUTUMN REESER

he got some practice playing a bad girl as Taylor Townsend on The O.C., but that was nothing compared to how Autumn Reeser vamps it up (literally) in the hotly anticipated sequel Lost Boys: The Tribe. Meet the only girl who has survived vampires and a Shaq attack.

First Bite

In Lost Boys: The Tribe, my brother is on a quest to save me before I feed. Apparently, once you

drink the blood of another, you're solidified as a vampire. I read a lot of vampire lore, like the Anne Rice stuff. I was always carrying one of her books on set with me.

First Experience Traveling Through Time

I did a "Burger King through the years" commercial where Shaquille O'Neal is walking through each era and I'm the counter girl. I say something profound, like, "You got it!" when he orders a Whopper. But, hey, checks in the mail are a lot better than waitressing.

First Easy Paycheck

Sleeping or coma scenes are always great. I was in the obligatory soap opera coma on *The O.C.* That was really fun. It was a fantasy episode where Taylor had to do a dance from a Whitesnake video on the kitchen counter.

First Time Rockin' Out

My latest thing is Rock Band. It's awesome. My friends come over, we order food, and then we trade off instruments. I sing and play guitar... Rock Band guitar, that is.—Mike Olson





Richard Kern's Looker

Kink up your coffee table with hot avant-garde photographer Richard Kern's latest tribute to sexy young things. Looker is essentially a voyeuristic eyeballing of girls next door in various states of undress who are seemingly unaware of Kern's camera. Whether they are lounging at home in their underwear, subathing topless, or kissing a girlfriend in the woods, the amateur models in Looker don't care if you stare. \$40, richardkern.com

Sport Speciale

Inspired by a mutant melding of a'59 Ferrari, a'56 Aston Martin, and a'57 Maserati with a450 hp BMW V-12 under the hood, this supercar was handcrafted by the Creative Workshop, a Florida customizer. And for just \$600,000 they'll make you one, too. thecreative workshop.com

THECOUNTHOUN

Five amazing, cool, and slightly alarming things we're obsessed with in August.



AdiStars

Lace up the official kicks of seven Olympic boxing teams. These super-flyweight boots deliver serious midfoot support and are way more cooling to your feet than those rotting sneakers in your closet. \$200, eastbay.com

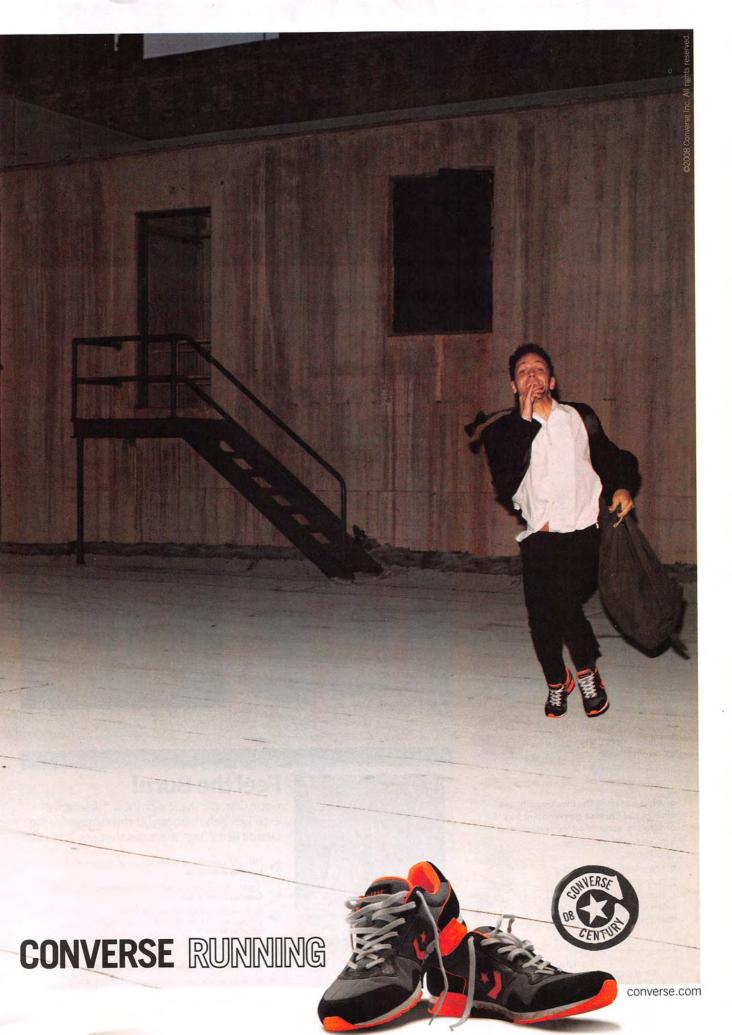
Off-Road Racing

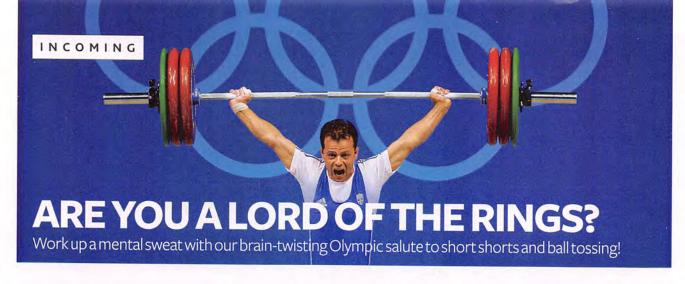
Best in the Desert Racing Association presents a wild and grueling 24-hour, 550-mile sand scrum featuring cars, trucks, and motorcycles on August 22–23. Don't forget to wear your goggles. bitd.com



U ...

PHOTOGRAPHS, SATOSHI (BOOK, SHOE); AUTUMIN REESER PAGE: STYLING, SHINKO LURA





1. Which is the only thing that can extinguish the flame of the Olympic torch?

a. A stiff breeze over 40 mph

b. A drenching downpour of two inches per hour

c. Sharon Stone's raging insanity: "[The Chinese] are not being nice to the Dalai Lama, who is a good friend of mine. And then this earthquake and all this stuff happened, and I thought, Is that karma — when you're not nice that the bad things happen to you?"

2. The 1972 U.S. Olympic basketball team lost the gold medal game to the Soviet Union because:

- a. Someone blew the scoreboard horn when American Doug Collins was shooting a gamedeciding free throw with three seconds left.
- **b.** The refs gave the ball to the Russians after they blew the horn.
- c. The refs then gave the ball back to the Russians after they missed their next shot and added two seconds to the clock.
- d. The refs gave the ball back to the Russians again after they missed the next shot.
- The refs were Commieloving cheatskies.



3. What has been the most significant change the Chinese government has ordered to accommodate Westerners?

- a. A massive effort to clean up pollution.
- **b.** The release of hundreds of political prisoners.
- c. The refitting of thousands of toilets so Western visitors can have a seat while crapping.

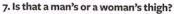


ANSWERS: 1. c; 2. e; 3. c; 4. c; 5. d; 6. 1d, 2b, 3c, 4e; 7. a. female, b. male, c. male; 8. a

4. Which of these things is going to be sold in Beijing to commemorate the Olympic Games?

- a. Tiny stones pulled from the Great Wall of China
- **b.** Gas masks in case of a terrorist attack
- c. Trinkets made of panda poop











- 5. Which of the following are on the Chinese Olympic Committee's list of banned substances?
- a. Steroids
- b. Turtle blood
- c. Deer penis
- d. All of the above



6. Match the amazingly horrible logos to their respective Olympic Games:







- a. 1960 Summer
- b. 1972 Summer
- c. 2012 London
- d. 1988 Summer

- 8. The design of Beijing's \$500 million National Stadium is meant to evoke the image of:
- a. A bird's nest.
- b. Chicken chow mein, the national dish.
- **c.** The limitless potential of the great People's Republic of China.
- **d.** The rubber band ball that we made in third grade.—*Mike Hammer*







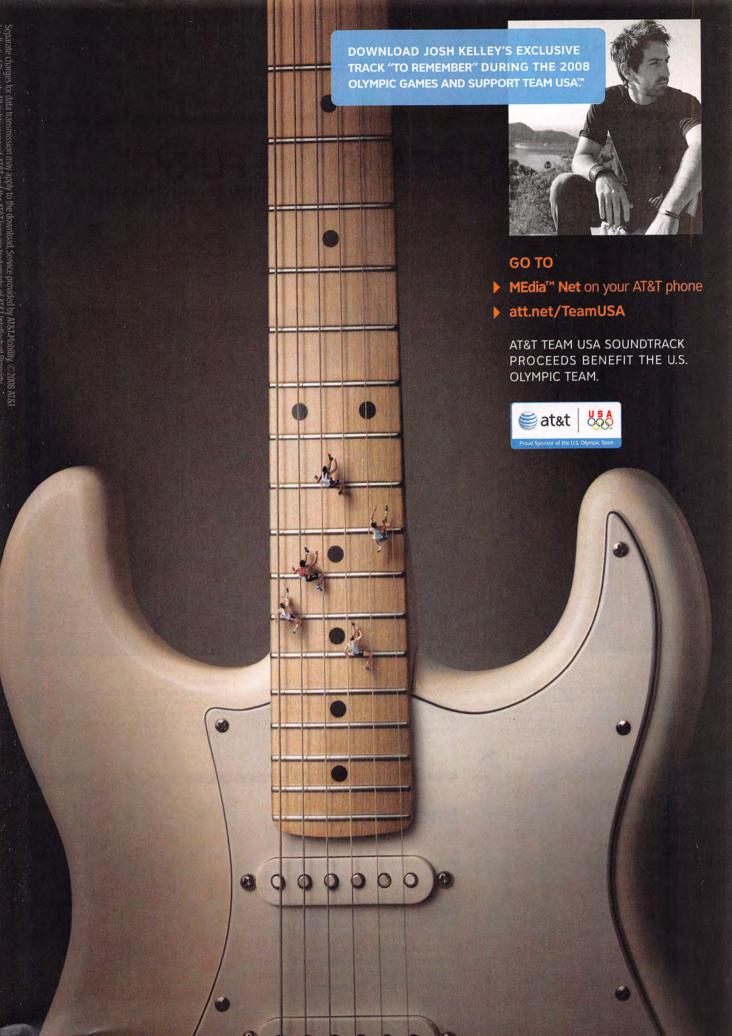
Feel the Burn!

Get in Olympic shape with these "alternative" exercises. John Wharton, former trainer for the Detroit Red Wings, estimates the calorie count.*

- Manually opening that 164-ounce can of SpaghettiOs from Costco Calories burned: 10
- Vigorously karaoke-ing to Jock Jam Anthems: Volume XII Calories burned: 145
- Wall-mounting a 60-inch plasma-screen TV to watch the highdef DVD of The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants Calories burned: 225
- Riding a Segway the entire length of a marathon while dressed as a superhero

 Calories burned: 2,000—Mike Sacks and Todd Levin

*All calorie counts are based on one hour of performance.



THE PHOTOGS AND THE FURY

Ever wonder who makes up the paparazzi wolf pack that hounds Britney Spears? Now you know.

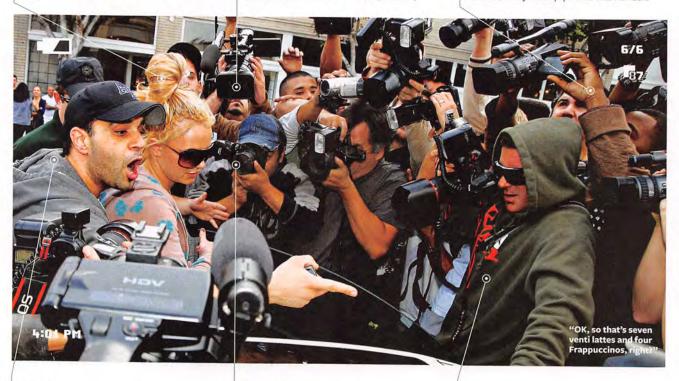
Britney Spears Exactly how hot is the market for one of the most photographed women on the planet? Sources tell Maxim that shots of the chaotic scrum pictured here fetched up to \$1,000 for each shooter. Snap me, baby, one more time!

Paul Madelanat

Known by his paparazzi pals as French Paul, this four-year veteran photog for Splash News & Picture Agency was a standout snapper at Michael Jackson's 2005 child molestation trial. For the record, he has never spent the night at Neverland Ranch. (We think.)

Jason Wright

A 21-year-old L.A. native who is a newcomer to the overcrowded paparazzi scene, Wright recently sold sneak-attack shots of Eva Longoria Parker and Katherine Heigl to the tabs. He works for London Entertainment Inc., run by famed paparazzo Giles Harrison.



Sam Lutfi

Britney's manager agreed to stay away from her through July 31, after her mother, Lynne, filed a restraining order against him. Mama Spears has accused Lutfi of drugging Britney and helping arrange her high-profile hospitalization at a UCLA psych ward.

A freelancer for Buzz Foto, Fame Pictures, Ramey Photo Agency, and the Grosby Group, Vasquez's best-known recent shot was an exclusive snap of Reese Witherspoon eating an ice cream cone, which ran in all the celeb weeklies. Hear that, Pulitzer committee?

This Brazilian-bred pap toils for L.A.'s biggest agency, X17, the Britney-obsessed outfit that shot the famous photos of Spears shaving her head at an L.A. salon and attacking an SUV with an umbrella. That might explain why she looks so happy to see him.

Delicious Drink or Dirty Sex Act?

Take this fun-filled quiz to find out!

- 1 The monkey gland
- 5 Purple mushroom
- 2 One-balled dictator
- 6 Donkey punch
- 3 Angry dragon
- (7) Abe Lincoln
- 4 Hairy buffalo
- 8 Painter's radio

ANSWERS 1. D, 2. D, 3. S, 4. D, 5. S, 6. S, 7. S, 8. S

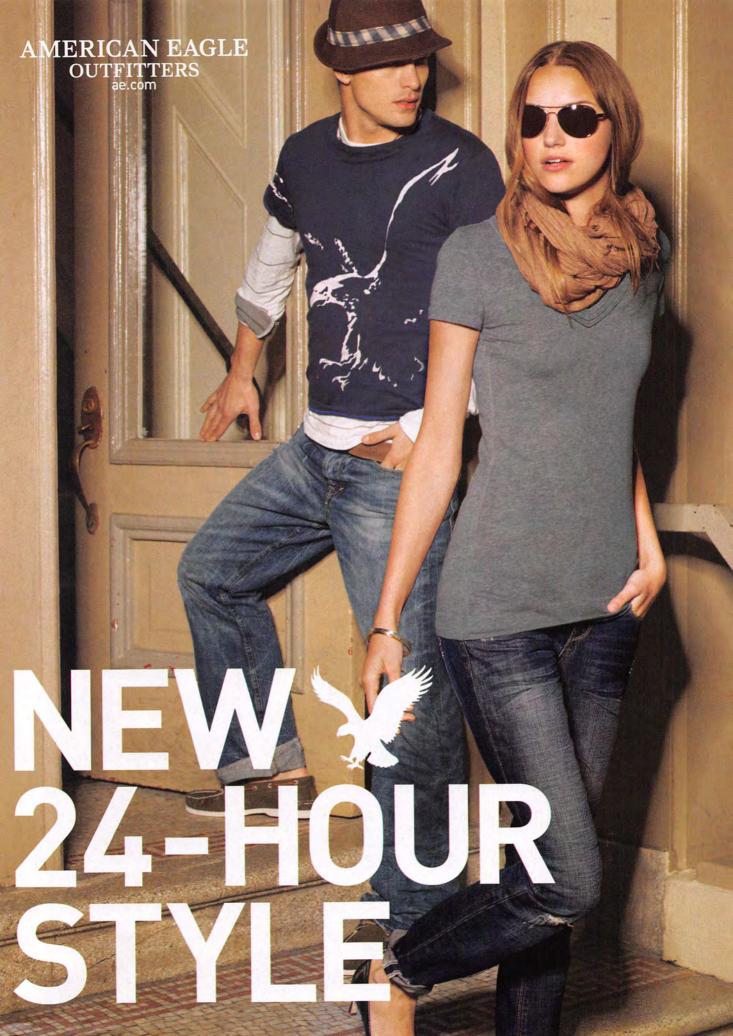
#9 IN A SERIES

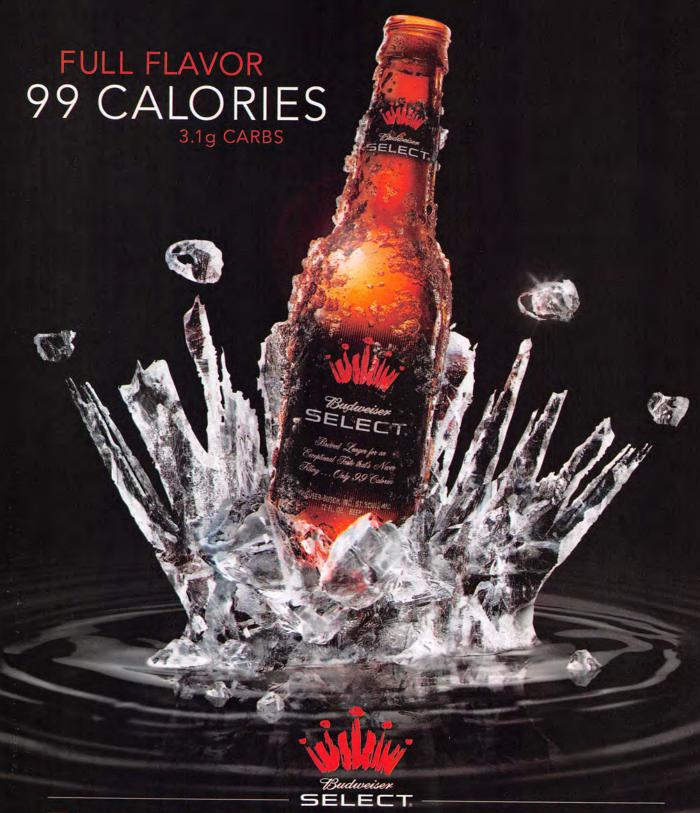
Bacon Porn

Pork up your pocket.

No matter how much the Bacon Wallet resembles the world's greatest breakfast food, resist the urge to eat it-unless, of course, you enjoy the taste of fake leather. Besides stimulating your salivary glands every time you pull it out, this wallet will make others view you as an intensely carnivorous badass. The next time you get carded, flash it at the bouncer. It should immediately assure him that you're man enough to legally imbibe and probably need to get your cholesterol checked. \$10, mcphee.com.







THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

Conventional wisdom says a full flavor beer can't be low in calories. Yet, Budweiser Select delivers the full-flavored taste you want in only 99 calories. Experience the exception to the rule. Budweiser Select.

AUDRINA PATRIDGE

The Hills' hottest hard body soaks up the spotlight.

Dear Audrina,

We don't share this with a lot of people, but we're huge fans of *The Hills*. (Andwe're referring to the MTV reality show you're on, so don't get offended or anything!) We're *beyond* pumped for this month's season four premiere. And catching up with one Audrina Patridge is the main reason we plan to watch—on mute while swigging Jägermeister and wearing a jellydonut-stained bathrobe, of course!

But let's get "real" for a second: What's with this Justin Bobby character? He's the guy you want to be seen arguing with in the VIP rooms of exclusive Hollywood clubs? Really? Not to be rude, but the dude talks like he has a mouth full of mashed potatoes. He just doesn't seem right for you, Audrina! Just like L.C., we think—scratch that, we know—you deserve better.

So if you ever need a friend to talk to, advice on how to further your acting career (we've done community theater), or even just a sweaty hand to hold, give us a call. We'll be waiting by the phone. Just like always!

Some Ya Maxin

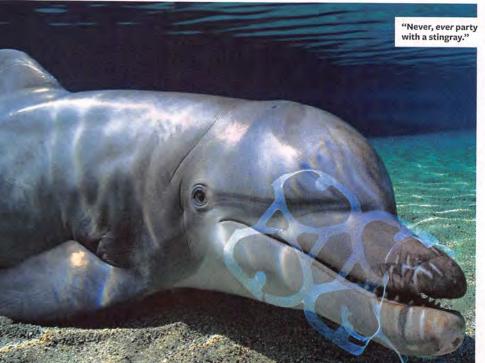


ASK MAXIM
We demystify your blackened lungs, increasing deafness, and pigeon toes. Man, are you screwed!



Without sock puppets, they felt naked and adrift.







ARE MP3 PLAYERS AND EARBUDS MAKING US DEAF?

Randy Svrcek, Nashua, NH

Depending how you use them, yes! According to the National Institute on Deafness and Other Communication Disorders, any noise above 85 decibels—like a loud vacuum cleaner—can cause permanent damage if listened to for a sustained period of time. Earbuds increase volume by shortening the distance from the noise source to your eardrum, adding six to nine decibels over traditional headphones. All while longer battery life and bigger portable libraries have encouraged you crazy kids to rock out for longer than ever. Increased average listening time and higher volume could be the recipe for early deafness—12.5 percent of children ages six to 19 (about 5.2 million kiddies) have noiseinduced hearing loss. So if you've been cranking R. Kelly's opus "Trapped in the Closet" on endless repeat (freak!), we hope you learn to love sign language!





Mom's chocolate pudding: It's rib-sticking good!



WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE JUNK WE TOSS IN THE OCEAN?

Fredo Norman, Milford, MA

Your discarded love doll is probably stuck (along with all other nonbiodegradable garbage) in a gyre. What the hell is that, you ask? "An oceanic gyre is a swirling vortex of currents that creates a whirlpool effect," says Anna Cummins, an advisor for the Algalita Marine Research Foundation. The biggest (and scariest) one? "We describe the North Pacific Gyre as a huge toilet bowl that never flushes," Cummins says. Estimated at twice the size of Texas and roaming from Hawaii to Alaska, this putrid stretch can contain up to 330,000 bits of plastic per square kilometer (the ocean average, according to the UN, is 13,000). Broken down into its fundamental parts, the plastic is mistaken for grub by sea animals, ends up in the food chain, and, finally, in your lobster bisque. Mmm, tastes like a plastic six-pack ring!



DOES BEING SLIGHTLY PIGEON-TOED REALLY MAKE YOU A BETTER ATHLETE?

Shawn Breen, Columbus, OH

It's true-freaky feet may lead to faster stopwatch times. "There's quite a bit of anecdotal evidence to support the notion," says Mike Young, director of sports performance at Human Performance Consulting. The key to foot speed is efficient use of energy. "When pigeontoed people contact the ground, their feet and ankle joints have less give," Young explains. This

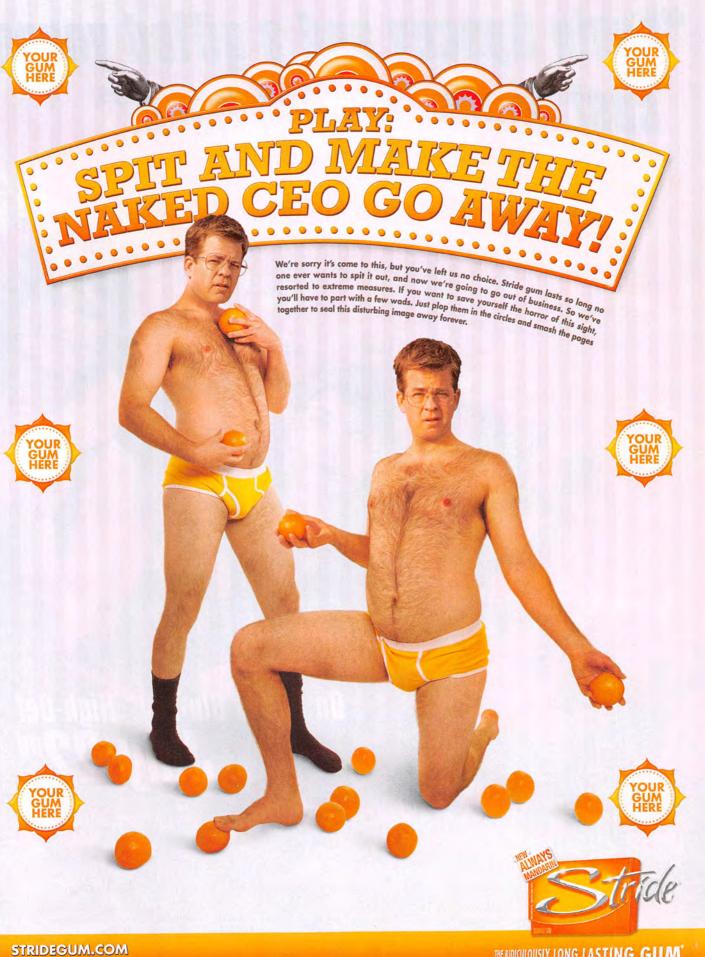
may have allowed an athlete like the slant-footed Jackie Robinson to apply greater propulsive force to the ground quicker, reducing his energy loss and making him the bane of fly balls and segregationists alike.



IFI QUIT SMOKING NOW, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE MY LUNGS TO RECOVER?

Calin Bates, Wahiawa, HI

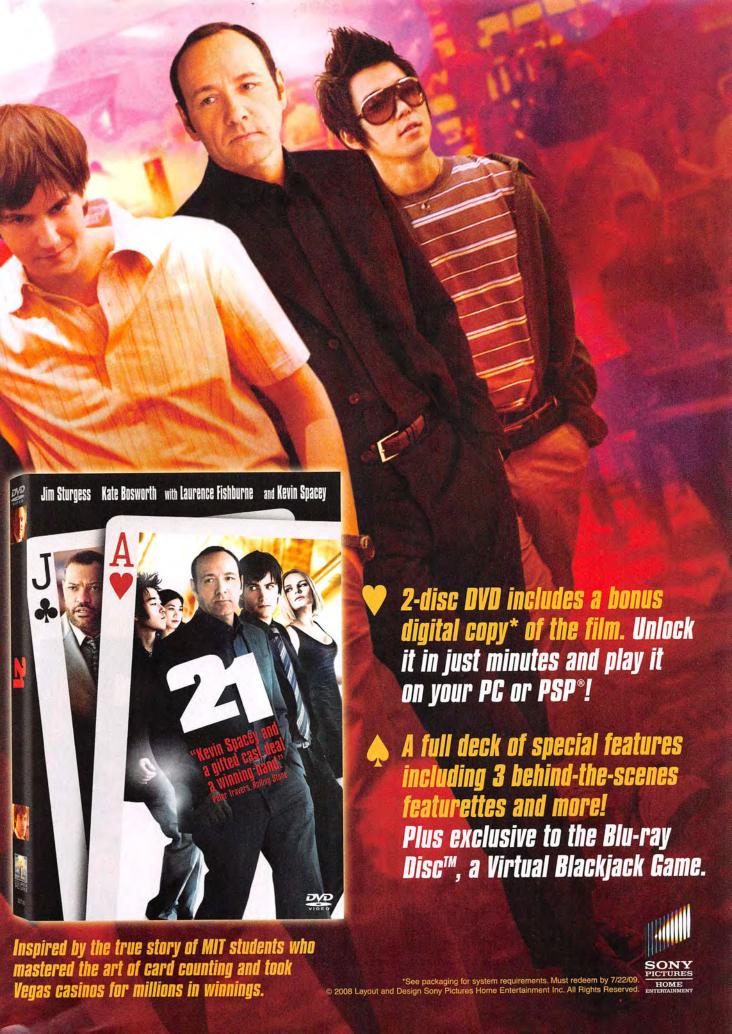
Good news, Smokey! If you go cold turkey today, those blackened air bags you call lungs will recover faster than your grandfather after a Viagra smoothie. "Within a few weeks of quitting, your sinus congestion improves, the body better handles infection, and levels of poisonous carbon monoxide start to normalize," says Robert Ashton, M.D., chief of thoracic surgery at the Hackensack University Medical Center. Go a whole year without sucking down your precious cancer sticks and there's a substantially decreased chance of cardiovascular disease. Ten years without a puff and your chances of dying from lung cancer are cut in half. The only drawback to quitting? Without a creepy voice box or gangrenous limbs, your dream of acting in depressing antismoking PSAs is kaput.



"Kevin Spacey and a gifted young cast deal a winning hand."

Peter Travers-Rolling Stone





SUCK ON THIS.



HB® REMINDS VAMPIRES TO DRINK RESPONSIBLY

IMPORTED FOR THE UNDEAD EXCLUSIVELY BY YAKONOMO CORPORATION. © 2008

trubeverage.com





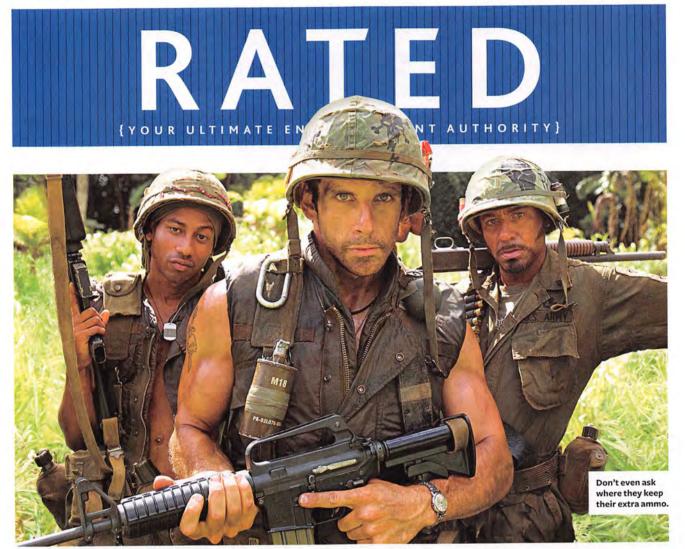












FULL METAL JACKOFFS

Ben Stiller napalms Hollywood pomposity and moronic actors in his Vietnam War farce Tropic Thunder.

ey, war may be hell, but directing and starring in a comedywar movie holds its own peculiar moments of terror. "It definitely got confusing," says Ben Stiller, especially considering that his big-budget Tropic Thunder is about a bunch of spoiled actors who think they're filming a Vietnam flick and blunder into an actual Southeast Asian war zone. "There's a scene where my character-a prima donna actor—is asking the director to cut. The director responds, 'No, don't cut.' We keep rolling, and, as the actor, I'm saying, 'Cut!' But then when it really was time to cut, and I said, 'OK, cut,' the crew just stared at me." Stiller's character, the boneheaded action star Tug Speedman, is but one of Thunder's comically misguided thespians. Jack Black plays Jeff "Fats" Portnoy, a

drug-addled comedian who has farted his way to fame, and Robert Downey Jr. is Kirk Lazarus, a pretentious Oscar winner who undergoes a controversial skin-darkening procedure to play a black soldier.

So where did Stiller develop this flattering view of his chosen craft? "It goes back to 1987. I had a small part in Steven Spielberg's war movie Empire of the Sun," he explains. "At the time all these actors were doing Vietnam films like Platoon and going off to fake boot camps for two weeks. Then during interviews they would say, 'It was the most intense thing I've ever experienced!' Obviously, it was nothing like actually going to war. Actors tend to think the world revolves around them. That self-important thing just seemed funny to me."-Patrick Carone

Tropic Thunder storms into theaters August 15.

Men in Blackface

Robert Downey Jr. joins cinema's pigment-bending fixation.

Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer 1927 His Jewish pop insists he sing only in synagogues, so Jakie Rabinowitz does what any wannabe jazz-age performer would do: schmears on some shoe polish and hits the scene as "Jack Robin." OFFENSIVENESS:





Bugs Bunny in Southern Fried Rabbit 1953

When Bugs heads down to Dixie and encounters a hostile Yosemite Sam, he goes brown and yaps, "Don't beat me, massa!" to stave off a whipping. OFFENSIVENESS:

C. Thomas Howell in Soul Man 1986

The best way to land a Harvard scholarship? Pop some tanning pills, of course. A white kid who takes advantage of racial discrimination would be wrong in any era...let alone the '80s. OFFENSIVENESS: 00000





BOOGIE KNIGHTS

Old-school Batman Adam West weighs in on The Dark Knight.

etween Christian Bale's anguished Batman and Heath Ledger's psychotic Joker, the sequel to Batman Begins is proudly grim'n' gritty. So how does the star of the campy '60s Batman TV series feel about it? We asked the DayGlo Knight himself, Adam West, about the Caped Crusader's split identities.

The Villain

THEN "Cesar Romero needed only a couple of slap dabs of white makeup and a green wig to become a very vital Joker. We put makeup over his mustache to make him a tinge creepier."

NOW "Ledger's character is very punk and gothic. It's a different kind of Joker. He looks like an elderly Hollywood starlet missing her mouth with her lipstick."

RATED

The Whip

THEN "My Batcycle was just a really gnarly Yamaha with a sidecar. But my Batmobile had the first car phone, the first navigational system, and flames coming out of the rear end."

NOW "The new Batcycle looks very much like the cycle I rode from my apartment in Malibu back and forth to the studio. Maybe that's where they got the idea."

The Sidekick

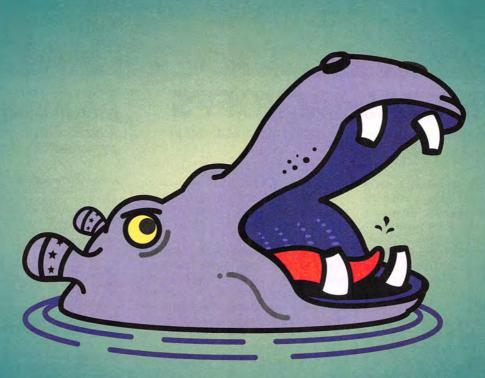
THEN "Robin made a great bartender. He was underage, but who cares in the 'Cave?" **NOW** "Without Robin it might get a little bit lonely in Wayne Manor."

The Women

THEN "I had three Catwomen: Julie Newmar, Eartha Kitt, and Lee Meriwether. That's 27 lives to deal with. It kept me very busy."

NOW "Ilike Maggie Gyllenhaal, who is playing Bruce Wayne's romantic interest. I think she's bright and attractive. [Muttering] And she'll have nothing to do with me."—Sean T. Collins

The DarkKnight is in the aters now, and Batman: The Movie, starring Adam West, is out on DVD and Blu-ray.



Hungry Beast!

groups could concoct.

The man of the state of the sta S. Hander Strike Serin Construction of the sering of the seri Service of the servic The Checkup **OUR TAKE** Sifting through the cinematic heap. It won't win an Oscar, but **Step Brothers** dream team Ferrell, Reilly, Sibling rivalry turns violent when a couple of spoiled director Adam McKay, and producer Judd Apatow are adults (Will Ferrell, John C. funnier than the rest of Reilly) must share a room Hollywood put together. when their parents marry. We want to believe that sci-The X-Files: fi fans weaned on Battlestar I Want to Believe Galactica and newer fare FBI agents Mulder and will appreciate X-Files Scully join a missing-persons 10 years after the last search with paranormal movie...but we're not sure. ramifications. Boo! The Sisterhood of the Have you been killing yourself wondering what's been **Traveling Pants 2** up with these gals since the The sisterhood (including first flick? Then congratu-lations: It's official—you need a training bra! that girl from Ugly Betty and the hottie from Gossip Girl) reunites in Greece. Finally. **Swing Vote** Expect heartland values and common-man Kevin Costner plays a good wisdom—as only a wellol' boy who, due to a wacky paid Hollywood screensnafu, has the sole power to writer and studio focus cast the winning ballot for



the next U.S. president.



NUGUST 2008 · MAXIM 39



LOST IN SPACED

The innovative Brit-com from the nutters behind Shaun of the Dead and Hot Fuzz is finally making its way to the States.

ne of the funniest movies of the past decade was made because Simon Pegg got tired. After co-creating, writing, and starring in two seasons of the popular BBC sitcom Spaced, "We needed a break," he says. "The break happened to be Shaun of the Dead." That cult-hit zombie-flick parody was the first time most Americans saw Pegg's ruddy face, but Spaced, which aired in 1999 and 2001, had already honed his brand of droll, self-deprecating humor. Now, with all 14 episodes finally being released on DVD, stateside fans can play catch-up.

The premise—a pot-smoking aspiring comic book artist (Pegg) and a procrastinating aspiring writer (Jessica Hynes) pretend to be a couple so they can rent the flat of their (humble) dreams—wasn't groundbreaking. But the show, co-created and directed by Edgar Wright (who also helmed Shaun and its follow-up, Hot Fuzz), was. "We wrote it because nobody was speaking to us on TV,"

Pegg explains. "You would watch sitcoms and think these people didn't exist." *Spaced* was the opposite, capturing a certain type of twentysomething who relates to the world through movies and games. They were people you didn't necessarily want to hang out with—because you already did.

Whether it's a heady allusion to The Conversation or a bitter reference to Star Wars: Episode 1-The Phantom Menace ("Jar Jar Binks makes the Ewoks look like fucking Shaft!"), the pop culture fixation made Spaced stand out. The DVDs acknowledge this with features such as the Homage-O-Meter, which tallies up the show's references, and commentaries from fans who make today's pop culture, including Kevin Smith and Quentin Tarantino. So, does all this fresh fanfare set the stage for Spaced's triumphant return? "We had loads of ideas for the third season," says Pegg. "I'd love to pick up where we left off, but I have less hair and more stomach now, so it's a bit impossible."-Mike Olson

MAXIM RATING

(

Short Cuts

Like Spaced, these shows proved it's better to burn out than to fade away.

Star Trek (1966-69)

The first sci-fi show aimed at adults neither lived long nor prospered (lousy ratings brought cancellation after three



seasons), but it did spawn countless movies, spin-offs, and dorks fluent in Klingon.

The State (1994-95)

Love it, hate it, or (inside joke alert!) just want to dip your balls in it, MTV's surreal sketch comedy show was ahead of



its time. These guys get the credit next time you laugh your ass off at *Human Giant*.

Freaks and Geeks (1999-2000)

NBC canceled the story of an overachieving "mathlete" turned slacker before all 18 episodes even aired. Joke's on them,



'cause producer Judd Apatow went on to become the most powerful force in comedy.

Arrested Development (2003-06)

Fox's time slot roulette scored shitty ratings for this way offbeat sitcom. (When's the last time you heard an



incest joke on According to Jim?) Thankfully, a big-screen version is in the works.—M.O.

Game On We preview some of the month's most hotly anticipated titles.



Madden NFL 09

EA • Xbox 36o, PS3, Wii
While this year's game-play
additions—like customized
celebrations and adaptive
difficulty—are as exciting as a
pulled groin, Big John has one
trick up his XXL sleeve long
craved by fans: online leagues.
Finally, 32 gamers can hurl
epithets about fumbles and
interceptions on Xbox Live
and the Playstation Network.
Go, team!—Jesse Brukman



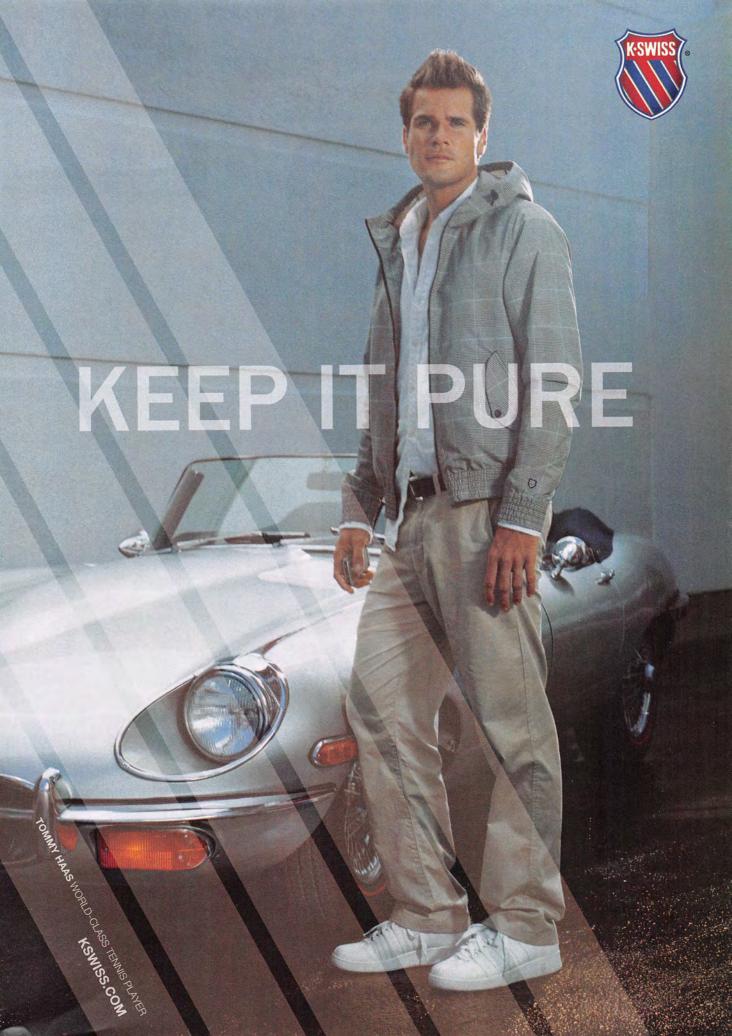
Too Human Microsoft Game Studios •

Plagued by poor demos and delays, the first installment of a planned trilogy reworking Norse mythology into a techno-organic opera finally arrives in style—a style much like God of War. But that's not a bad thing when main character Baldur can level up, get bionics, and enjoy other light RPG elements.—J.B.



Soulcalibur IV Namco Bandai • Xbox 36

Star Wars fans, prepare to feel your lightsabers throb. Among the new characters in this weapons-based brawler's latest, prettiest (and first next-gen) incarnation are none other than Darth Vader and Yoda. True, their inclusion is nonsensical, but so what? As Yoda would wisely say, "Bring the pain, I will!"—J.B.





SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?

Iwant to be torn apart by a wild animal. Choice number one would be a polar bear. Then a mountain lion, wildebeest, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus. In that order.

ARE YOU GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?

I am going to the next world of creation in a limitless series of worlds. Just like the baby in the womb has no idea what this world could possibly be like, that's what the next world is.

WHAT SONG PLAYS IN THAT WORLD?

A mix of everything by Radiohead, Wilco, and Bob Dylan. I could handle that for eternity.

IS THERE ONE DREAM YOU WISH YOU'D NEVER GIVEN UP ON?

In high school I was in the worst band ever, Collected Moss. It soured me on the whole rock

band experience. I was a terrible singer, but I could sing loud. I should have stuck with it.

ANY ROLES YOU REGRET TURNING DOWN?

Well, I was offered the lead in Risky Business but was uncomfortable dancing in my underwear. The rest is history.

WHICH OFFICE COSTAR SHOULD YOU HAVE BEATEN DOWN WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

On the first day I should have put Steve Carell in a dog collar and urinated on his head, because now he's just out of control.

IF YOUR OFFICE CHARACTER, DWIGHT, PLANNED YOUR FUNERAL, WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE?

Dwightwould use a Norse mythology—themed funeral. He would burn my body on a raised dais, and there'd be people blowing horns and smearing themselves in lard.

DO YOU WANT TO BE BURIED WITH ANYTHING?

My iPhone and bobblehead and Martin guitar—in my Prius.

WHAT'S ONE THING YOU'RE GLAD YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN?

Go to junior high.

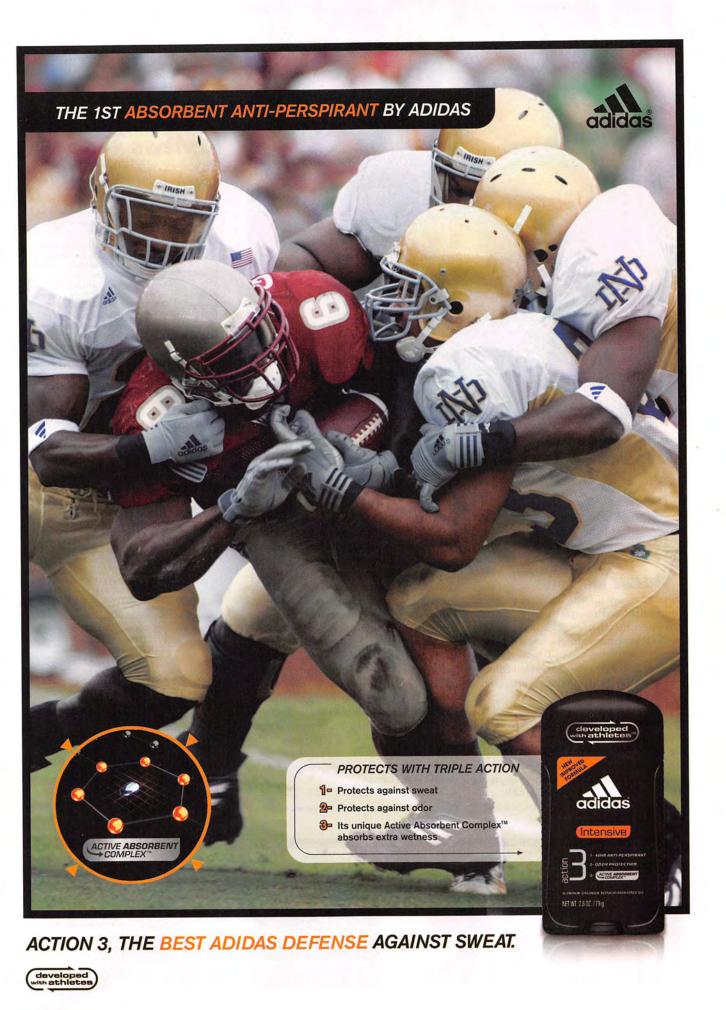
WHAT LONGSTANDING LIE DO YOU WANT TO COME CLEAN ABOUT?

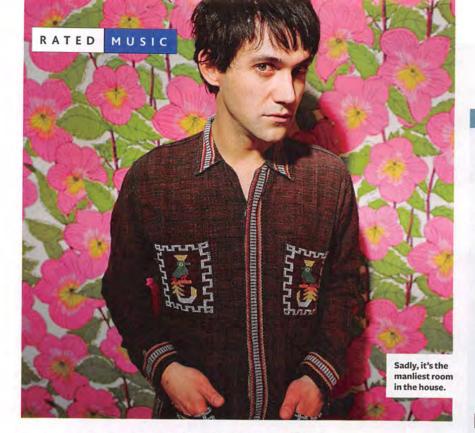
Iwasn't really a geek in high school. Iwas actually prom king. I just realized that I could cash in with the whole geek thing. It's all been a gigantic lie, America!

ANY LAST WORDS?

"I can feed this polar bear. He looks friendly." lacktriangle

The Rocker kicks out the jams in theaters nationwide August 1, and The Office starts up again this fall.





BRIGHT NEW DAY

Emo chameleon Conor Oberst once again changes his tune.

onor Oberst seems pretty tightly wound, spring-loaded even. Under his main guise, Bright Eyes, he transformed confessional folkinto harrowing performance art. For a lark he railed against the suburban rat race with his punk side project, Desaparecidos. So you have to wonder, now that he's made the first album under his own name since he was 16-titling it simply Conor Oberst—just what he was holding backwhile Bright Eyes became a treasured indierock mainstay. Turns out the guy just wanted to unwind a bit.

"For selfish reasons, I thought it would be nice to go somewhere that wasn't New York or Omaha," says Oberst, referring to the recording setup he arranged in Tepoztlan, Mexico, a town known for UFO sightings and far removed from the cities where he normally splits his time. Oberst holed up in a villa called Valle Mistico with friends and musicians. Noticeably missing, however, was Mike Mogis, the longtime Bright Eyes producer and band member whose exacting studio techniques Oberst was looking to dial back a few notches.

The laid-back, mostly up-tempo result, recorded over a few weeks with breaks for "making fires and looking up at the stars," is downto-earth. Dirty, even: "I remain between her legs, sheltered from all my fears," Oberst croons in "Sausalito," a jaunty country-rock tune that speaks to both anxiety and sweet relief. "There's a lot of escapism in the record," he says. Most introspective on the whispery ballad "Milk Thistle," he politely requests of the newspaper that it not ruin his morning coffee. So did Tepoztlàn's supernatural reputation affect the tunes at all? "I do believe that places have energies to them," Oberst says, "and those energies do find their way into the music."-Nick Catucci

Conor Oberst's latest is available everywhere August 5.

Reviews

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

The Hold Steady . Stay Positive . Vagrant



Behold the best band in America, Bold words, but the Brooklyn-via-Minneapolis five-piece back them up on Stay Positive. Tad Kubler's guitar evokes AC/DC at its arena-rocking best, while singer Craig Finn spins poetry like the love child of Springsteen and Kerouac. "Our songs are sing-along psalms," he howls on "Constructive Summer." Hallelujah! -David Swanson

The Rumble Strips . Girls and Weather . Gigantic Music



These pals of DJproducer Mark Ronson get their ball-of-fun debut (just now making it over from England) rolling with a manifesto called "No Soul," but singer Charles Waller just means to inform us of his sinful ways. In fact, he belts out with blue-eyed soul that's nearly worthy of Ronson's other pal, Amy Winehouse.-N.C.

The Wackness soundtrack • Zomba



With 13 songs, this soundtrack to the Sundance-winning film about a college-bound weed dealer in 1994 New York City couldn't hope to definitively document mid-'90s rap. But from Notorious B.I.G.'s "The What" to Wu-Tang Clan's "Tearz," you'd be hard-pressed to pick a finer baker's dozen of bittersweet jams, most sharing the movie's nostalgic vibe.-N.C.

Music Math | Pretty Ricky · 80's Babies · Blue Star/Atlantic















These four roughneck Miami lover men were never coy-previous hits include "Grind With Me" and "Push It Baby"-but their third album finds them coming on harder than ever. Whether begging for a lady's hand ("Marry Me") or sexing up women born in the '80s ("Shonin"), the smooth yet hard Pretty boys will get you in the mood for love...or at least a cold shower.-N.C.

BOURBON DRINKERS:





GIVE THEM 30 SECONDS

SUBJ. NO. 001







A hip-hop band staying true to their positive vision even if it costs them a contract. A tattoo artist breaking boundaries away from the spotlight. That's the stuff inside. We posted music, videos and ways to get involved to help them succeed. We're championing the stuff inside wherever we find it. Join us. **TheStuffInside.com**



Manolos.



UNEXPECTED CRUSH ALERT!

Call us crazy, but we're kind of in love with Sarah Jessica Parker. That's right, we said it!

Maxim readers, we have something big to get off our chest. No, it's not the slightly disturbing case of gynecomastiawe developed this summer, though we've made an appointment to talk to a plastic surgeon about that. The truth is, we have a massive, heart-pounding crush on Sarah Jessica Parker. You heard us right. We are totally sweet on Carrie Bradshaw! We want to sip cosmos with her. We want to

take her out for sushi at trendy New York restaurants. We would probably even build her a tiny house for her beloved shoes to live in. Yes, we are straight-up SJP superfans!

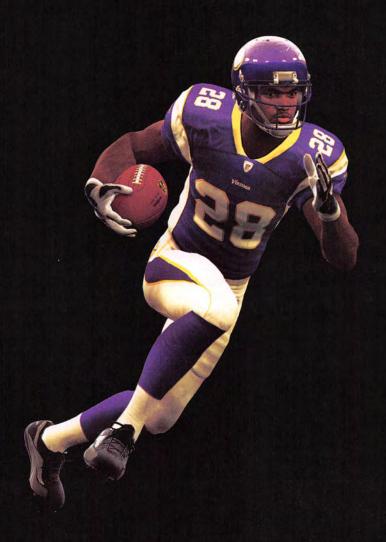
We realize the Manolo-obsessed Sex and the City heroine might seem an unlikely Maxim lust object. Presumably one of the many reasons why you read the world's greatest men's magazine is because you can count on us not to

mention the one movie that you always feared your girlfriend would ask you to watch with her. We understand this. But that doesn't change the fact that SJP is, like, undeniably hot. Don't pretend you haven't noticed!

So there it is. SJP, we're truly sorry that we've been ignoring you all these years. Consider this a true confession of our undying affection. Now back to our regularly scheduled Maxim...

PRE-ORDER MADDENNFL09. GETASIGNING BONUS.

GET AN EXCLUSIVE COUPON PLAYBOOK WORTH \$50 WHEN YOU PRE-ORDER MADDEN NFL 09 AT GAMESTOP OR GAMESTOP.COM. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO GIVE A CUT TO YOUR AGENT.

















The future of pop culture, filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.

David's Situation

Bob Odenkirk and David Cross return to HBO with a series about a comic living in the burbs. Cross says it reflects their "adorable" experiences in Hollywood. Despite departing from Mr. Showstyle sketch comedy, bet on killer satire.



Whitney Houston Album "The Voice" emerges from crackaddled exile to torture us with her exhausting vibrato, with help from Akon, the Black Eyed Peas' will.i.am, and a 12step program. Stick to bugging out on Bobby, Whitney. It's more entertaining.



Caprica Set 50 years before the events of Battlestar Galactica, this spin-off weaves sexual politics into the tale of the first robotic life forms. But the last time fanboys got this excited about a sci-fi prequel, they got ... The Phantom Menace.



OutKast Album

In the five years since André 3000 and Big Boi shook it like a Polaroid picture, there have been solo projects, movies, and breakup rumors. But, "Out-Kast are stronger than ever," assures the enigmatic Boi. Prepare to groove.



Valentine's Day Overload Your credit cards are still maxed from the holidays, and now this bullshit "holiday" requires you to sit through the lame rom-com Confessions of a Shopaholic while browsing the De Beers site on your iPhone. Just break up now.



Valkyrie Despite delayed release dates and interference from the German government, the Bryan Singer-directed film about the plot to assassinate Hitler may be Tom Cruise's first worth-seeing project since that Scientology video.



World Beard and Moustache Championships

The planet's hirsute elite converge on Anchorage, Alaska for the biennial smackdown of muttonchops, handlebar 'staches, and glorious goatees. Be sure to cheer for upstart Beard Team USA.



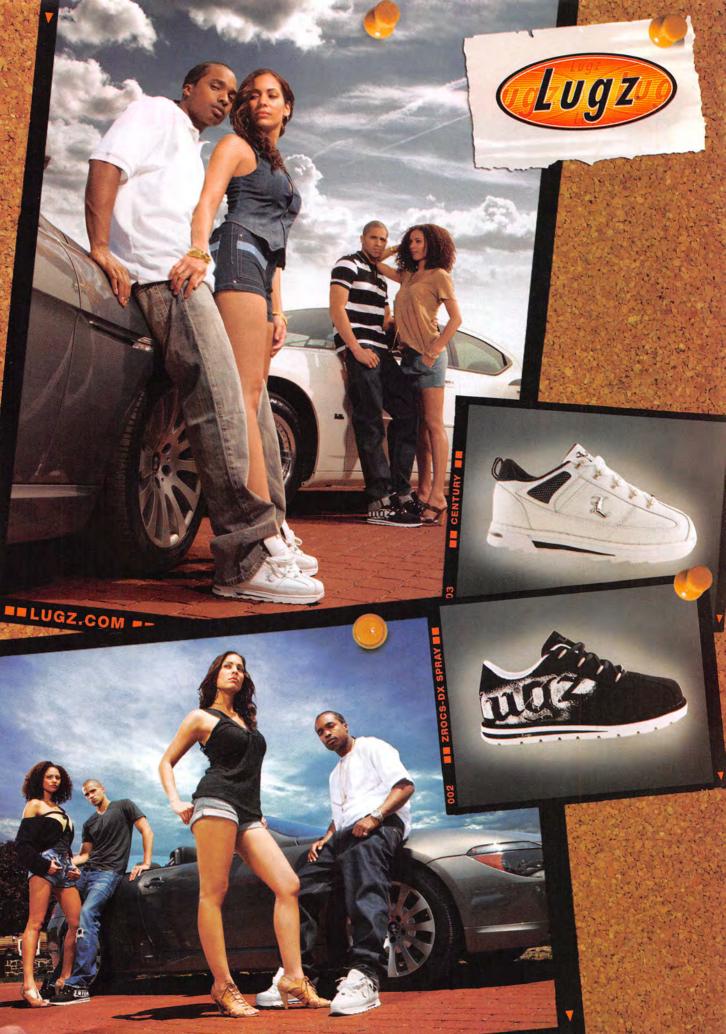
The Hannah Montana Movie Ever thought about climbing K2? Now would be a great time, since that's the only place you'll escape the high-pitched squealing of tween girls stampeding the multiplex for the

latest Miley Cyrus branding event.



X-Men Origins: Wolverine Wolvy is the coolest X-Man, hands down. But watching Hugh Jackman pretend to be an indestructible badass for two hours without his mutant pals in this prequel may make fans crave just a few minutes of Dark Phoenix.







Janice Dickinson has a successful modeling agency, a hit reality show, and a "beyond potty mouth." She talked to Maxim about her dirty mouth—and how she cleans it up with Orbit gum.

What are your thoughts on swearing?

Do it all the time.

Do you have a Dirty Mouth?™

I would have to say that I have a beyond potty mouth.

When you were a kid, did you ever get your mouth washed out with soap?

Every other day! My mother was a firm believer. It didn't work, but I did eat a lot of soap.

When is an inappropriate time to swear?

In church, in temple, and in front of children.

What do you think of guys with dirty mouths?

Depends how hot their butts are. If they have hot butts, then they're allowed to have really dirty mouths.

What's your favorite Orbit® flavor?

Maui Melon Mint and Citrusmint[®]. Orbit is my gum of choice when I'm falling out of nightclubs. It gets me out of anything I do.



Maxim went behind the scenes of Janice Dickinson's wickedly funny Orbit commercial to get the inside scoop. Tune in to see how she really gets that just brushed clean feeling.





STUFF

{FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS}

CALIFORNIA LOVE

Ferrari's hot new coupe may be loaded with future tech, but it's wearing a famous name from the past.

Movie cars generally need to talk—or at least morph into robots—to become big screen icons. But in Ferris Bueller's Day Off a 1961 Ferrari 250 GT California Spyder* steals the show simply by having its mileage reversed. It's been more than 40 years since a California last rolled off the Maranello line, so Ferrari is hoping next year's revival of the name plate inspires the same level of lust. Not to say the newest prancing horse is a retro roadster, since it's packed with Ferrari firsts and innovations cribbed from the brand's F1 program. But its gorgeous Pininfarina-penned lines still hark back to the masterpiece Ferris' buddy Cameron smashed into oblivion.—Ky Henderson



The Engine

The placement of the next-gen 4.3-liter V-8, marks the first time Ferrari has positioned its power plant in the midfront of a car—a perch that's less than ideal for a track demon like the 430 Scuderia but fine for a road-friendly GT like the California. Of course, *friendly* is relative; the engine harnesses 460 hp at 7,500 rpm and gets the car to 60 mph in less than four seconds.

A Quick Shift

The folks at Ferrari HQ tell us the California's new electronic seven-speed direct-shift double-clutch gearbox, adapted from the company's F1 cars, will guarantee a shifting time equal to zero. While you manual-shift purists are whining, we're just wondering how Ferrari managed to bend time and space. An F1 traction control system will adjust handling on the fly.

The Drop Top

The fully automated hardtop—yet another first for Ferrari—folds adorably into the trunk. To keep the weight down, engineers spec'd an all-aluminum body, even for the roof (these are generally steel). F1 racer Michael Schumacher advised on the multilink rear suspension configuration—to keep 'er glued through the twisties while the wind whistles through your skull.

The Look

Ferrari freaks will recognize design cues cribbed from the original California, like the air intake scoop on the hood and triple brake vents at its sides. An even closer look reveals traces of the new car's more recent sibling, the 599 GTB Fiorano, in its crosshatch grill and pinched headlights. In back the California's ample rump gets punctuated by stacked exhaust tips.

The Interior

Ferrari's usually spartan controls get swanked up with an in-dash entertainment/info interface. Posh leather sport seats will make long Sunday drives at 180 mph extremely comfortable, and there's even trunk space left for a few man-bags with the top down. A so-called 2+ seating layout, however, may leave anyone shoehorned in "back" cursing his pesky legs.



Like your haircut: sculpted sides, long in back.



Behold: the scorching-hot new boards that'll make you look good while you're paddling, boogying, or shredding the swells.

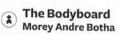


Been doing push-ups but your pecs won't pop like McConaughey's? Start paddlin', brah! Take on the core-building, celeb-soaked sport of stand-up paddleboarding with this ultralight race-tuned weapon and the paparazzi might start snapping you instead of Matt. At a very long 14 feet, the C4 XP is crafted from carbon fiber, Kevlar, and epoxy resin, and it weighs a meager 25 pounds. Its twin concave base delivers stable paddling in open water and allows you to surf open ocean swells. You can swim, right? \$2,599, c4waterman.com









If this tough, blindingly fast little slab of foam and polypropylene is good enough to blast world champion Andre Botha through ice blue caverns at Teahupoo and Pipeline, imagine how you'll rule the wave pool on it. The board has a CNC-machined contoured deck, a crescent tail, and channels to hold a tight line when the going gets terrifying. Its surlyn-skin bottom lets it slide over scarring reefs and mesh-shirted rednecks while remaining smooth and fast. \$199, moreybodyboards.com

The Every Wave Surfboard WRV Cruiser

Since it's more buoyant in the nose and slightly wider and thicker than your standard shortboard, the new WRV Cruiser is an ideal machine for beginners who wanna rip. But the feather-light foil's high flotation and carvability also make it great for flabby ex-surfers who have ripped nothing but their pants lately. Its narrow tail will hold both newbies and oldsters tight to barrels everywhere from N.C. tubes to Nicaraguan point breaks to ninja turtle sewer surf. \$595, waveridingvehicles.com

() HOW TO

Stand-up Paddleboard

- "Find the calmest water possible," says champ Todd Bradley. "Stand at the center of the board, feet parallel to the rails."
- 2. "Keep your knees bent, your back straight, and look up at the horizon, never at your board."
- 3. "With one hand at the top of the paddle and one halfway down, drive with the wave in short strokes. Balance with your hips."
- 4. You're shredding! Now get lost. "The point of the sport is that you can go where others aren't."



(D) E

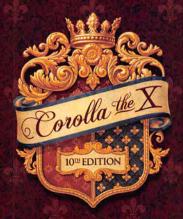
Don't surf alone: Get her a board. See page 56.





LING, KAREN SHAPIRO, HAIR, MICHAEL SILVA AT THE ARTIST LOFT USING KKEN: MAKEUP, SACHA AT THE ARTIST LOFT USING SMARHBOX

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BELEBEAU



O MY FRIENDS ONLY LIKE ME FOR MY ALLOY RIMS'?

nce you get your hands on the luxurious 2009 Corolla, you'll start to notice people acting differently towards you. You may ask yourself, "Does this rear deck spoiler² make me seem highfalutin?," "Are Daytime Running Lights too flashy for my complexion?" Don't fret. The Corolla S was designed to be a high-class head turner, and the styling is not for the self-conscious. So slip into the driver's sport seat, clutch the leather-wrapped steering wheel, lift your nose, and give 'em a show.



Live The Dream For Less Coin

TOYOTA.COM











VINYL LIVES!

LP record sales are rising faster than McCain's blood pressure. Listen in with a tech new turntable.

1 THE GLAM ROCKER Pro-Ject PerspeX

Keep plenty of Windex on hand if you bring home this hi-fi masterpiece—you'll need it to keep your friends' smooch marks off its crystal-clear acrylic plinth and carbon-fiber tone arm. But who needs friends when you can jam to minimal tech-house while pondering this platter's Corian subchassis, gold-plated RCA sockets, and skip-stopping, Sorbothane-damped cones? \$1,999, project-audio.com

THE PURIST Music Hall MMF 2.2

Despite the sharp angles and high-gloss finish (it's also available in Ferrari red), Music Hall's belt-drive machine will help maintain an unpretentious vibe even if you're the snootiest vinyl snob on the block. The deck has a zero-tolerance policy on nonsense: You get a solid platter, a rigid tone arm, and not much more. It's about the music. Hey, put on "Mr. Bojangles" again, will ya? Gets us every time. \$450, musichallaudio.com



REISSUE PICKS

"These albums sound amazing remastered on 180-gram vinyl," says the Roots' ?uestlove.

1. Genius+Soul=Jazz, Ray Charles

2. Greatest Hits, Al Green

3. Soultrane, John Coltrane

4. Stadium Arcadium.

Red Hot Chili Peppers

THE DJ AESTHETE Vestax Güber

With precision-cut enameled metal and a clear acrylic platter, this oddball deck might lead you to think Vestax placed form over function. But its robust underpinnings are surprisingly similar to the classic Technics 1200 DJ deck; it's got a high-torque motor, a robust tone arm, and +/- 10 pitch control. All you need is two of these, a microphone, and a Scientologist membership card. \$499, vestax.com

4 THE POD SQUAD Numark TTi

This magic machine takes big records and makes them little. Like, iPod little, man. Numark makes the only turntables on the market that suck music directly from a record platter straight to an iPod without a computer anywhere in sight. Dust off Dad's LPs from his stoner days and digitize 'em: Reduce the hisses and pops with included software and take those wax tracks to go. \$300, numark.com—Rob Beschizza

Introducing
The Cell Meio





FLY LIFE

When he's not brawling in a movie, British bad boy Vinnie Jones is out battling fish.

How did you get so into the sport of fly fishing?

My dad took me on a lake in England when I was 10. All of a sudden this big trout took my line and nearly pulled me in. I love the adrenaline rush.

You're known as a fighter. Does fly fishing help with anger management?

Anything I do away from other human beings is therapy for me. I love catching the fish, and I love releasing the fish. I beat the fish, didn't I?

What kind of fish do you go for?

Anything on a fly rod: bass, trout, salmon, sail-

fish. When I was doing X-Men: The Last Stand in Vancouver, I bet you I caught 500 salmon. My real ambition is to be a fly-fishing guide.

Does size matter?

I do like the bigger fish. A dream of mine is to catch tarpon in Costa Rica, because they get up to 300 pounds. Pulling in one of those would be like trying to turn an army tank over on its side.

What kind of gear do you use?

I've probably got 20 or 30 fishing rods. Of course, you need your net, reels, flies, line; you also need some sandwiches and a few beers.

Do you try to fish when you're on location for a movie?

I don't try; I always go. The minute I know I'm doing a movie and I find out where it is, I get on the Internet and find the best guides in the area and what the best local catch is.

Ever fish with friends?

In England I go quite a lot with Guy Ritchie. He's a very good fisherman. We have some beers and just get out there and fish. It's a man thing.

Vinnie Jones stars in The Midnight Meat Train, in theaters August 1.

VINNIE'S GEAR



"I tie my flies in advance."



"My reels are by Loop."



"Beer? I always bring Peroni."

I LOVE THE Adrenaline Rush of Hooking the Fish.

60 MAXIM AUGUST 2008

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIUS BUGGE



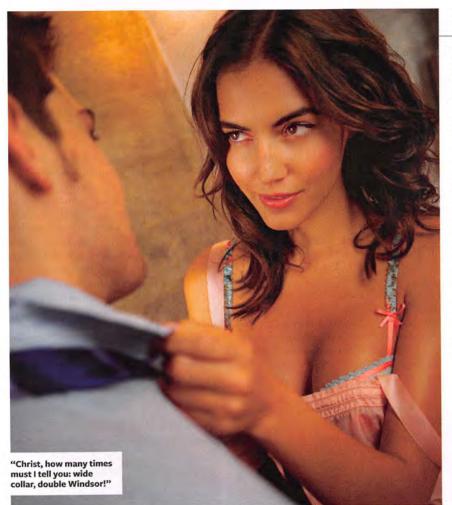






evolve. be a man. use a condom every time.





Sign Language

Women are constantly sending signals that they want to be more than friends. You've just been too blind to notice.

few months ago, my sister asked me to show her friend Tim* around New York City—he was coming to town for work and didn't know a soul. Over dinner I laughed at his jokes. At a bar I introduced him to my friends and let him pay for my drinks in return for playing tour guide. When the night was over, I went to shake his hand—but Tim dove in for the make-out session. "Er, wrong," I said, pushing him off. "But you were all over me all night!" he responded, lunging in again. I threatened to blind him with my key chain laser pointer (my only "weapon"!) and walked away mystified. In my mind, I'd been nothing more than polite with him; in his mind, I'd been hoping to do the no-pants dance all night.

Of course, this wasn't the first time a man had misread me. I've even been on the other side of the fence, dying for a guy to recognize that I want him to rip my clothes off, but then trudging home alone. So in the name of avoiding further confusion between the sexes, I conducted some research and asked 25 women to reveal the surefire signals they send when they want to take a relationship from platonic to physical. Take note: If a female acquaintance drops one of the eight hints listed below, it's your cue to exit the friend zone and make a move, pronto.

SHE STRIKES A POSE

Women are well aware of what our best assets are, and normally we hide them to avoid creepy ogling eyes. But if seductive curves start popping out where you haven't noticed them before-or if she starts contorting her body in strange and seemingly uncomfortable ways when you're around-it's all part of a conscious move to attract you. "I do this thing with my arm where I'll position it under my chest to make my breasts pop up and out. That's my sign that I'm ready to fuck," says Jill, a 30-yearold teacher. Other women have even more elaborate orchestrated moves to keep you focused on them-and thinking dirty thoughts. Maggie, a 26-year-old paralegal, has a signature move she describes as "coffee tongue." "I was dying to sleep with a coworker, so every morning I'd stop by his desk to chat and blow on my coffee, then stick my tongue into it to test it. Finally, one day he e-mailed me after I walked away: 'It's pretty cruel how you tease melikethat.'Twoe-mails laterwewere having a wildly intense quickie in a supply closet."

SHE TECH-FLIRTS



It's hard enough understanding what the hell women are talking about when they're standing in front of you. When technology is involved—and there's no body language or facial expressions to go on—picking up on her subtle cues can be near impossible. Know this: Cyberstalking is a sport women have perfected, so if a girl you met at night finds your online profile the next day and starts posting messages, she wants to be more than just friends.

When it comes to interpreting her flirty texts, the shorter the better. In fact, if you get a one-word text from a girl you know, it's safe to say it's on: HI. HEY. YO.;). They're all just code for, "Let's cut to the chase and screw." Think of it as electronic eye contact. Worked for me: I once texted a guy while we were out at a bar: DUDE. He typed back, DUDE, and we were feverishly sucking face within the hour.

There are some things a woman only shares with her girlfriends. So if she suddenly starts demonstrating her oral technique on a banana, she may have ulterior motives. "I once told a group of people at a bar that I was turned on by anal sex," says Lisa, a 28-year-old publicist. "A guy I liked was there, and I wanted him to know I was no-holds-barred in bed." The overshare worked. "When I got up to leave, he ran after me and started making out with me in the street." Look out for material beyond the "I can tie a cherry stem with my tongue" trick. The key is when she starts dishing personal dirt-like her tale about the time she was busted with her teeny lace thong around her ankles in a bar bathroom, getting head up against the sink. She just might be hoping for a reenactment.

SHE PLAYS DAMSEL IN DISTRESS



Most women hate to put themselves in the role of the powerless female (we can program the TiVo, thanks), but if we're really into you, we're going to ask for your help with something—to get some time alone. "I asked a friend I had the hots for to help me move," says Mary, a 26-yearold student. "When he arrived, I said I needed his opinion on whether I should keep a few items of clothing. I modeled them for him, making sure to keep the bedroom door ajar as Iwas changing. Finally, he came in while Iwas undressing and we attacked each other on the bare mattress." Margaret, a 29-year-old nurse. once asked her musician friend for one-on-one guitar lessons. "He sat behind me and placed his fingers over mine," she says. "We both got so turned on...I never did learn how to play."

SHE PUSHES YOUR BUTTONS



When a woman is nothing but nice to you, she thinks you're, well, nothing but nice-not intriguing, not sexy. But if a hot girl suddenly starts being playfully nasty, she may be trying to send you a message. "I like to get really sarcastic and bust a guy's balls if I'm attracted to him," says Ellen, a 30-year-old retailer. "That's what guys do to each other, so I want him to know I can speak his language." Mocking you is our way of indicating we're down-to-earth, not prissy and aloof, so you'll be comfortable hanging with—and banging—us. "Teasing is an expression of confidence," explains sex therapist Megan Fleming, Ph.D. "But it's also a safe way to flirt and figure out if he's interested. If he's not, she can act like she was just kidding around with a pal."

SHE PICKS AT YOU



No, not nagging. This move is straight from the animal kingdom: Women who want to sleep with you will groom you, just like birds preen one another's feathers or monkeys pick at each other's hair. "Plucking lint off a guy's sweater or brushing a crumb off his face is a great way to touch him without coming on too strong," says Julie, a 29-year-old marketing exec. "It's $strictly something I do with men I'm \, attracted$ to, though. If it's just a regular dude, I'm happy to let him sit there with mayo on his upper lip." According to Fleming, women also do this to mark territory. "A girl will leave her perfume on you or brush her hair or skin against you as a way of saying, 'You're mine.'" she says. So what seems like an innocent gesture could be the sign of a predator about to take you down.

SHE FAKES IT



Men have been known to suffer through three hours of ballet or an excruciating Dixie Chicks concert for women they're trying to screw. We're no different. If a girl really wants you, she's going to make sure she shares your interests, even if she secretly hates them. "I spent six months falling on my face trying to learn snowboarding because this guy I liked was into it," says Mara, a 31-year-old doctor. "Thank God it paid off-on one fall I sprained my wrist, so we spent the rest of the weekend holed up in the lodge drinking and fucking by the fire." So how can you tell if you two are genuinely bonding over the awesomeness of '80s hair metal or if she's just pretending? Test her. If she can't name two guitarists in Ratt, it's you, not your God-awful music collection, she's after.

SHE DOES HER PARTY TRICKS



Just as men can recite 30-minute stretches of Reservoir Dogs, women have their own special hidden talents to show off-but only for guys we want to sleep with. "I went to school in Japan," says Michelle, a 26-year-old chef. "If I want to get a guy into bed, I take him to karaoke and sing in Japanese. People are always hugely impressed. It's worked on four different guys." Abby, a 24-year-old artist, has an even more unusual stunt: "I attended clown school years ago and can still pull off a couple tricks—one is plate spinning, and the other is sword swallowing. You can guess which one men like more." Fleming calls this behavior the peacock effect: "She wants to really stand apart from other women." So that karate chop she just demonstrated on a block of cement? An invitation, not a threat.

STYLING, BORY TAN FOR CELESTINE AGENCY; HAIR, CORI FOR CELESTINE AGENCY; MAKEUP, AMY CHANCE FOR CELESTINE AGENCY; MANICURE, MICHELLE SAUNDERS FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; DESIGN, ANTONIO BALLATORE FOR CELESTINE AGENCY

Smoke Signals

If a beautiful girl does any of the following 10 things, you might start thinking she wants you. You might be wrong.



2008 © COORS BREWING COMPANY, GOLDEN, CO

1. She backs her ass up into you while dancing.

All this means is that she's had about eight Red Bull and vodkas and the DJ just put on some Lil Jon. What! Ye-ah!

2. She invites you to brunch.

A rule of thumb: Eggs and coffee never lead to the bedroom. Brunch after sex, yes; brunch before sex, never.

3. She calls you hysterically crying. You think by getting intimate with her

feelings, she's showing she wants to be intimate in other ways. Reality: She'd never let on to a guy she wants to sleep with that she's teetering on the edge of sanity.

4. She compliments you on your sweet new shoes or shades.

She's not noticing you, she's noticing new pretty, shiny, fashiony things.

She asks you for sex advice.

She's just trying to find out what that other guy she's going to blow enjoys.

6. She bums a smoke.

You're psyched about a few precious minutes alone; she's suffering your company to feed her soul-crushing addiction.

7. She meets you for drinks wearing sneakers and a ratty old tee.

This is not an attempt to show you her cute sporty look. She honestly doesn't give a shit whether you find her attractive.

8. She flirts with you—sometimes.

If she goes hot and cold, don't kid yourself: She's not playing hard to get; she's just keeping you hanging on in case she can't get anyone she likes better.



9. She invites you to a boring event, like a play.

Could Mamma Mia! be so excruciating that no one else would go with her? Bingo.



10. She seductively eats a banana or ice cream cone in front of you.

Sorry, guy, but there's just no other way to eat these things.



IF YOU WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE IN THIS MAGAZINE TO SEE YOU NAKED, YOU NEED TO DRINK THIS STUFF!



Three square meals a day is often difficult, if not impossible.

Muscle Milk® Nutritional Shake is an excellent source of protein designed to help promote lean muscle growth and fast recovery from exercise.

Now let's talk about who's who and who's going to see who naked.



Rebel Yeller

Rory Sabbatini is a bull in golf's china shop. But can he compete with the PGA Tour's best?

ory Sabbatini's showing off his belt collection. Python, rattler, cobra—close to 100 of them, all snakeskin, all laid out on his bed like Indiana Jones' worst nightmare. He wraps one around his fist and flashes the buckle, an enormous, diamond-studded skull. "I refuse to dress like a golfer," he says. "What's that famous line? 'We've all got our freak flags.' Idon't want to hide mine. I want to fly it proudly."

In the buttoned-up, tight-ass world of professional golf, Rory Sabbatini is indeed a true oddity—a distinction that goes far beyond his upscale redneck wardrobe or his spiky, hypergelled hair. As a player, the 32-year-old South African is mercurial: aggressive but inaccurate off the tee; deadly but inconsistent on the greens. As a personality, he is impolitic and outspoken—the exact opposite of most mediasavvy, speak-no-evil golfers, who issue benign sound bites and go to great lengths to conceal their colossal egos from the public.

The defining moment in Sabbatini's crossover from average golfer to PGA personality and Public Enemy No. 1 was an interview he gave on May 10, 2007, in which he took a shot at golf's reigning deity, Tiger Woods. Woods, who had 57 career wins at the time, had been tinkering with his swing and driving the ball all over the map. Sabbatini, who had three career wins, suggested that Tiger's victory at the Wachovia Championship a week earlier had been lucky, adding, "I like the new Tiger. I think he's more beatable than ever." For the next two weeks TV announcers, sportswriters, and bloggers denounced the nobody who dared question the world's number one. "So much for freedom of speech," Sabbatini says. After Woods drubbed Sabbatini in their next two meetings, golfdom waited for an apology.

They're still waiting. "The media is full of shit," he says. "I stand behind my opinion."

Within days of the offending quotation, the virtual unknown became almost universally despised. On Web sites like Thegolfblog.com and AOLSports, he's been called "a loudmouth little jerk," "a dick," "an idiot," "a joke," and "an arrogant little scumbag." One commenter entitled his post: "I would like it if someone hit Rory Sabbatini in the face with a 7-iron."



Sabbatini's biggest problem, however, seems to be not what he says but the position from which he says it. While he is the 14th-ranked professional golfer in the world and has earned more than \$17 million in his 10-plus years on the Tour, he has yet to win one of golf's four major tournaments. Calling out Woods, winner of 14 majors and 65 tourneys overall, was a violation of trash-talking 101: If you're gonna open your mouth, be prepared to backit up. As Australian pro Stuart Appleby put it to Golf Digest, "Tiger is a man of action; Rory is a man of words. Rory lets his mouth move before his golf club."

Sabbatini earned his fourth PGA Tourvictory three weeks after Tigergate, taking the Crowne Plaza Invitational and \$1,080,000 in prize money. But heading into this month's PGA Championship at Oakland Hills Country Club in Michigan, it's that elusive major he's after. A

victory on August 10 would finally give Sabbatini the bragging rights he already thinks he deserves. Will this be the event where he finally harnesses his untapped potential and silences his critics? Or will he cement his reputation as the sport's reigning asshole—a poster boy for talking a big game rather than playing one?

Teeing Off

Sabbatini is smallish at 5'10" and 165 pounds, but he walks like a soccer hooligan spoiling for a fight. He wears a perma-scowl on the course, a squinty expression CBS commentator Gary McCord once called his "granny face." He may seem a little cranky, a tad roughneck, but at a glance it's tough to discern why he's so hated.

Perhaps one reason is his penchant for dishing out criticism but not being able to take it in return. Last summer, paired with Woods at

But then, Sabbatini has always been known for having a fiery temper. Growing up in Durban, South Africa, he ripped through the junior ranks and landed a scholarship to the University of Arizona. Even then he could smash a drive over a 100-foot pine tree 200 yards from the tee. When he didn't, it was common to see him snapping a club over his knee.

A three-time all-American at Arizona, Sabbatini turned pro in 1998. He earned his first victory in 2000, becoming the youngest Tour winner since Woods. In those days his game was a crowd-pleasing mix of bullishness and finesse. He swung hard and missed almost as many fairways as he hit. Even now he is only middlinglong off the tee, averaging about 290 yards per drive, and less accurate than almost all the other stars. But on the greens he can possess a magical touch. His stats prove it: Last year he ranked 88th out of 196 pros in driving distance, 162nd in driving accuracy, 174th in greens hit in regulation—and sixth on the money list.

It wasn't long into his pro career, however,



I'M TRYING TO MAKE BIRDIES, NOT FRIENDS.

"

that Sabbatini's personality began costing him friends. In one notorious incident in 2005, he got so steamed at partner Ben Crane's slow play that he stormed off the 17th green before Crane had even putted—a violation of golf etiquette just short of murder. "Rory Sabbatini has gone psycho," said then-commentator (and now fellow Tour member) Paul Azinger.

"I go my own way," Sabbatini shrugs.

Many other players are glad to let him go. Unlike most pros, Sabbatini often plays practice rounds alone. And he was singled out in a 2007 poll as his fellow pros' least favorite playing partner. According to Cameron Morfit, who covers the Tour for Golf Magazine, "Rory's ego is as big as his belt buckle—the Tour is full of guys like that. The difference is that Rory doesn't try to hide it like, say, Phil Mickelson."

Sabbatini sees himself as a brave lone wolf. "I'm not trying to make friends out here," he says. "I'm trying to make birdies."

He had a chance to make nice with Woods at last December's Target World Challenge, a charity event Tiger hosts annually. Instead, Sabbatini triggered another uproar. In last place going into the final round, he complained of shin splints, withdrew, and took off for Hawaii, dumping his courtesy car at the airport without telling anyone. And with that, he violated yet another golf rule: Nobody blows off Tiger Woods. Sabbatini was the first player to withdraw in the event's nine-year history.

According to Tourveteran Mark Calcavecchia, this latest ruckus was just "Rory being Rory. I don't think the fans missed him."

Lucky for Sabbatini, he's not alone. His wife, Amy, a bold, blondeTexan, is his biggest ally. "I know the real Rory, and I stand up for him," she says. The couple met at a Pebble Beach party in 2001, and they've been a tag team ever since.

At the 2006 Players Championship, Rory was paired with Nick Faldo, a prickly ex-superstar who takes forever to hit the ball. Amy followed them, sporting an obnoxious custom T-shirt urging Faldo to play faster. It read, KEEP UP Faldo trudged through the round, then turned the tables on the Sabbatinis. "It is very embarrassing for them to bring their sexual problems to the golf course," he joked with reporters. "Poor fellow has enough problems without her announcing it to the world."

Two years later Rory's still angry. "That was tactless," he says.

Redneck Games

But don't worry that Rory and Amy are losing sleep over Faldo, Woods, or anyone else as they roll from town to town in their tricked-out \$2 million RV. (Home base is a mansion in Fort Worth.) Sabbatini got sick of hotel rooms and airports after a few years on the Tour, so he bought a 45-foot, 50,000-pound Millennium Prevost bus outfitted with red leather upholstery, three plasma big-screens, a kitchen, and a master bedroom with (yes, Nick) a mirrored ceiling. The RV was yet another fuck-you to the golf establishment, a total rejection of the sport's crusty old-money mentality.

The Sabbatinis ride with a small pack of golf-pro RVers that includes Davis Love III, Zach Johnson, and Tim Petrovic. "We call ourselves the Traveling Trailer Trash," says Sabbatini. He and Johnson, who won last year's Masters, set an unofficial Masters record that week: first one-two finish by Trailer Trash. Rory and Amy often travel with their four-year-old son, Harley, and three-year-old daughter, Tylie, plus a yapping dachshund or two. The kids and dogs frolic while the dads go off to tee it up with Tiger, whose recreational vehicle, in more typical golf superstar fashion, is a \$20 million yacht called Privαcy.

In the evenings, the Trash men fire up their grills outside Sabbatini's megabus. At the push



of a button, it widens by several feet, side panels swinging open to create a BBQ area complete with an external plasma TV. After a long day on the course, Rory likes to sit in the shade of his bus, crack a Coors Light, and watch ESPN. Except when there's golf on. "Golf is boring," he says. "I'd rather watch college sports."

As he kicked back outside the RV the evening before last May's Crowne Plaza Invitational, Sabbatini started feeling the pressure of the next day's tournament. "It's a constant battle. Every shot takes every ounce of willpower I've got—to factor in the wind, the lie, the slope of the landing. Which side of the target is safer to miss on? Where do I stand in the tournament? The temptation is to give in and trust it to luck. Just hit and see what happens. But you can't do that. Not ever. Because once you lick the lollipop of mediocrity, you'll suck forever."

Many golf fans wonder if Sabbatini hasn't already licked from that lollipop. His world ranking, at a career-best 10th last year, has slipped lately. But he could jump half a dozen spots by taking the PGA. A win would bring a hefty check for around \$1.3 million. But for golf's biggest trash talker it would mean something far more important. "Winning," he says, "would quiet some people down."

Fop Shots Stylewise, Sabbatini is no match for these golf dandies.



Payne Stewart

Stewart's father once told him, "You can't blend in with the masses." So Payne started dressing like a Scotsman fresh out of 1837. The two-time U.S. Open winner was famous for sporting colorful knickers, argyle socks, and silly woolen caps.



Camilo Villegas

The Colombian is known for wearing body-hugging monochromatic ensembles in colors like fuchsia, orange, and mint green. When he crouches like a Cirque du Soleil freak to read a putt, women swoon. Men want to kick him in the balls.



Jesper Parnevik

Parnevik is a fashion fusspot, regularly sporting the mod designs of fellow Swede J. Lindeberg: Snug cardigan vests are layered over tight button-downs and skinny ties; a porkpie hat and single white glove complete the emo-rock douche look.



Ian Poulter

Poulter's wardrobe is where golf, Dennis Rodman, and Barbie intersect. In order to deflect attention from his zero PGA Tour wins, the wacky Englishman struts the links in wild hot pink outfits, sometimes topped off with pimplike fedoras.

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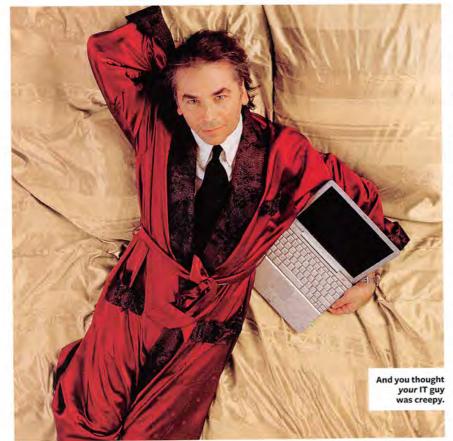
An American Experience

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Mr. Infidelity

How Web mogul Darren Morgenstern cashed in with online adultery.

tacy was out of work. Her kids had started school. Her marriage was, in her words, "disintegrating," and she'd stopped sleeping with her husband. She had a lot of free time, and she started spending it on Ashleymadison.com, a Web site that advertises itself with the tag line "When monogamy becomes monotony." It's a sanctioned infidelity carnival. Stacy—an attractive 36-year-old—could be its poster girl.

Before she saw an ad for the site on TV, Stacy had already been getting restless. She was feeling sexual in a way that she hadn't since high school, when she was "the girl who guys would go to when they wanted to lose their virginity." She was in the best shape of her life, and she'd been playing around with cybersex, exchanging pictures with a few lucky friends. But in the annals of horny housewives slipping around on their spouses, Ashley

Madison was a different order of magnitude.

"It was more exciting to do it with people I don't know," she says. "It's not something I'm proud of, just something I was interested in."

Within a few days, one of the guys she had been chatting with asked her out for coffee. She thought his pictures were cute. Their chats had been hot. How would it hurt her to say yes?

The chemistry was even better in person. Within an hour they had decided to get a hotel room. Stacy was now having an affair,

SINCE PEOPLE WILL CHEAT, IT'S A RECESSION-PROOF BUSINESS. and it was easier than she had ever imagined.

"I never thought I'd cheat on my husband," she says. "But there I was."

THE MOST POORLY KEPT DIRTY SECRET OF Internet dating is that a lot of the people who do it are married. Many a blog entry has been penned about meeting that dude from Craigslist and finding out he's got a wife and two kids at home. Everyone leaves those interactions unsatisfied: You lie to your spouse about meeting other people, and you lie to your paramour about being married. But in the brave new world of illicit online dating, you no longer have to tell lies on the back end. With more than two million subscribers worldwide, advertising on network TV, in print, and on the radio, and billboards soaring above the L.A. skyline, the six-year-old Ashley Madison is the biggest and most profitable infidelity site. But it has company. Meet2cheat.com offers "organized love affairs" to people in 20 countries. Discreetadventures.com promises that its members will "meet other attached women and men seeking discreet romantic affairs." From Facebook and MySpace to Match.com and eHarmony, the Web provides would-be adulterers with an unprecedented treasure trove of opportunities, and Ashley Madison is bravely leading the charge.

The headquarters of infidelity in the English-speaking world is a suite of drab offices on the 19th floor of a nondescript gray office building in midtown Toronto. There's no indication that this is a sex-related business.

Darren Morgenstern, the site's 44-year-old founder, meets me in the foyer. He's short, almost mousy, with shoulder-length brown hair, wearing a corduroy jacket and jeans. We go into what could be any conference room in any midrange hotel in the world. There are floral prints on the walls. This isn't the world of Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt.

Morgenstern describes himself as a businessman and nothing more. He spent the '90s operating decidedly unsexy pager and long-distance phone companies. In 2001 he read an article that said Internet dating sites were the only content sector thriving after the dot-com bust. "The article went on to suggest that as many as one third of the people on these dating services were attached," he says. "They were using the anonymity of the Internet to cloak their true intentions. I thought, I'm gonna offer up a service to those folks.

"It was strictly an entrepreneurial business play," he continues. "There was a hole in the marketplace that needed to be filled. Excuse me for that double entendre."

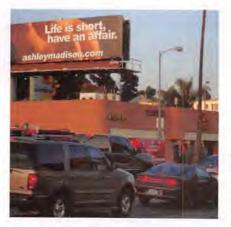
Despite objections from friends, Mor-

genstern started doing his market research. He paid 50 bucks to do one-on-one interviews, focusing on people who were having an affair, had had an affair in the past, or planned on having one in the future. Since that includes, according to some stats, up to 70 percent of the human race, finding subjects wasn't a problem.

"Initially, I didn't even know if it was going to be on the Internet or if people wanted to meet via phone or mail," says Morgenstern. "The Internet was an obvious choice, but I needed my target group to tell me that. They also told mewhat they'd be willing to pay, what their concerns were with their privacy, what features they wanted to see. I took all that market research data, and that became the business plan." The site launched on January 21, 2002, taking its moniker from the previous year's two most popular girls' names.

"The reality was that people who were going to cheat were going to cheat anyway, and people who weren't going to cheat were going to ignore Ashley Madison, just like they would any service," says Morgenstern. "But since people will cheat, it's a recession-proof business."

Morgenstern, who's quick to point out that he's happily married with two kids, says that he is "tapping into the consistency of the human condition. There are certain laws of the universe that ignore race, creed, and socioeconomic standing. This is how the system is hardwired. Human beings are sexual creatures. And we're flawed; we cheat on each other. There has never been a moment in time where we've



Honk if you love infidelity! Ashley Madison's L.A. billboard helped pair the site's two million users.

been able to make monogamy as a social value work. Ever. It's a failed experiment."

Anything is possible in the exciting realm of Ashley Madison. Dudes in their 20s look for cougars. Young women look for sugar daddies. Couples troll around seeking a third. The general demo is married, well-educated, and suburban, but in reality it's all over the place.

AM, as users call it, operates under its own set of rules and standards. After a quick registration, you set up a profile with your sexual preferences and fetishes. Users buy "credits," which they can use to communicate with other users; 100 credits cost you \$49, 500 credits cost you \$149; an e-mail costs five credits, and chat sessions on the site cost between \$10 and \$20. The interface is pretty simple: If you want to see who's logged on to the site in a 50-mile radius from your house, the information is available at the click of a mouse, and there's your dating pool.

The types of women on the site vary as much as women do in the real world. Some of them are exceedingly hot; some are quite homely. The only common denominator is that they're willing to cheat. A guy who goes by the tag Red Onion, married with two kids, has discovered this. Though he has met lovers in more conventional ways, he says he likes Ashley Madison because, for the most part, it gets rid of guesswork. "You don't have to worry about whether or not someone wants to have an affair," he says. "It's why everyone's there."

"Pam," 23, says that when she signed on, she had no plans to get into a relationship and was looking for something with "no strings attached." A guy buzzed her. After they talked for a while, she learned he was going through a divorce. This didn't stop the love connection.

"It was by far the most satisfying experience I've ever had," she says, and it also changed her perception of infidelity: "It's wrong for somebody to go years without sex because their spouse doesn't want to."

Unsurprisingly, AM has its detractors. Kathryn Lord, a therapist and "romance coach," says that "while the titillation of sex and 'romance' are strong, just the premise of an affair—betraying one's spouse—is the epitome of sleaze. And everyone there is of similar character. Do you really want to join that sort of club?"

Last year Darren Morgenstern sold Ashley Madison, in a multimillion-dollar deal, to a company called Avid Life Media. Morgenstern has stayed on as the public face of the company but hired Noel Biderman, 37, to run Ashley Madison for him. Because AM is a private company, they refuse to reveal their revenue, but as Biderman notes, "If you look at our registered member numbers and then multiply that by a significant percentage who then become paying members, you can get a good sense of our success and profitability." Meanwhile, the site has expanded into the U.K. and Ireland. Overall, it gets more than 150,000 new visitors a day.

Biderman is just as unapologetic as Morgenstern about what he's doing for a living. "Why are some of the most romantic books and films of all time about cheating?" he asks. "The Bridges of Madison County, Titanic... The themes are the same. They resonate on so many levels, but we look at infidelity when it's right in front of us and say, 'Oh, it's this huge sin.' Monogamy is the new issue. Want to meet Darren's mom?"

Across the hall a red-haired woman in her late 60s sits in a small office with the word ACCOUNTING written on the door.

"So what do you think of AM?" I ask.

"What do I think?" she asks with the matterof-factness of any other Jewish mom. "It's a business. Like any other business."

"As you can see," says Darren, "we don't have mirrors on the ceilings or shag carpeting."

"We wouldn't allow that," says his mother.
"We don't like shag."

Cheat-O-Meter

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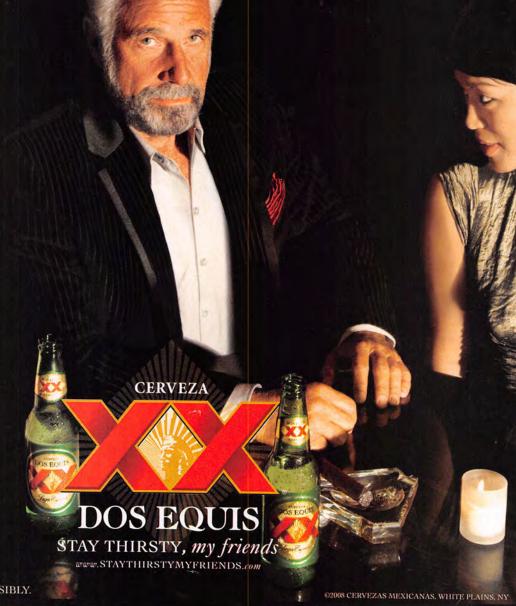
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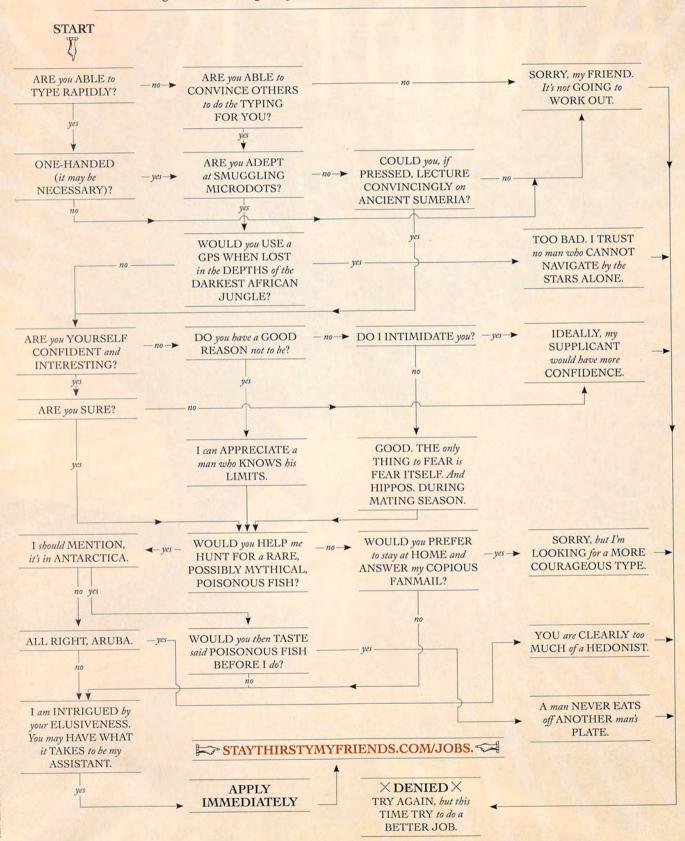
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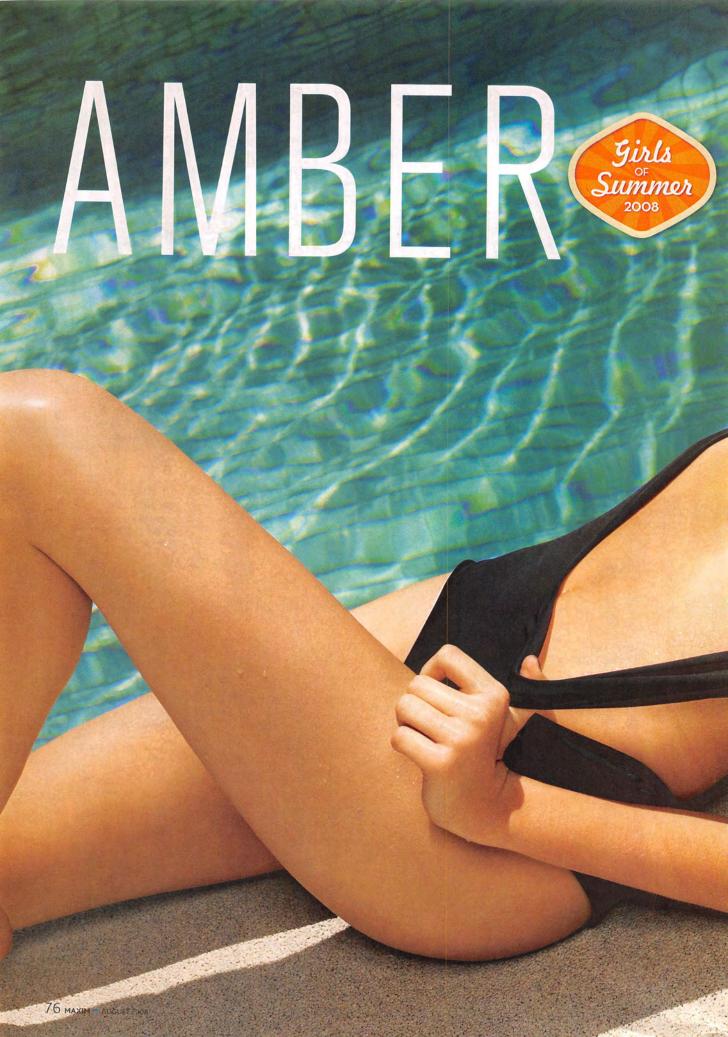
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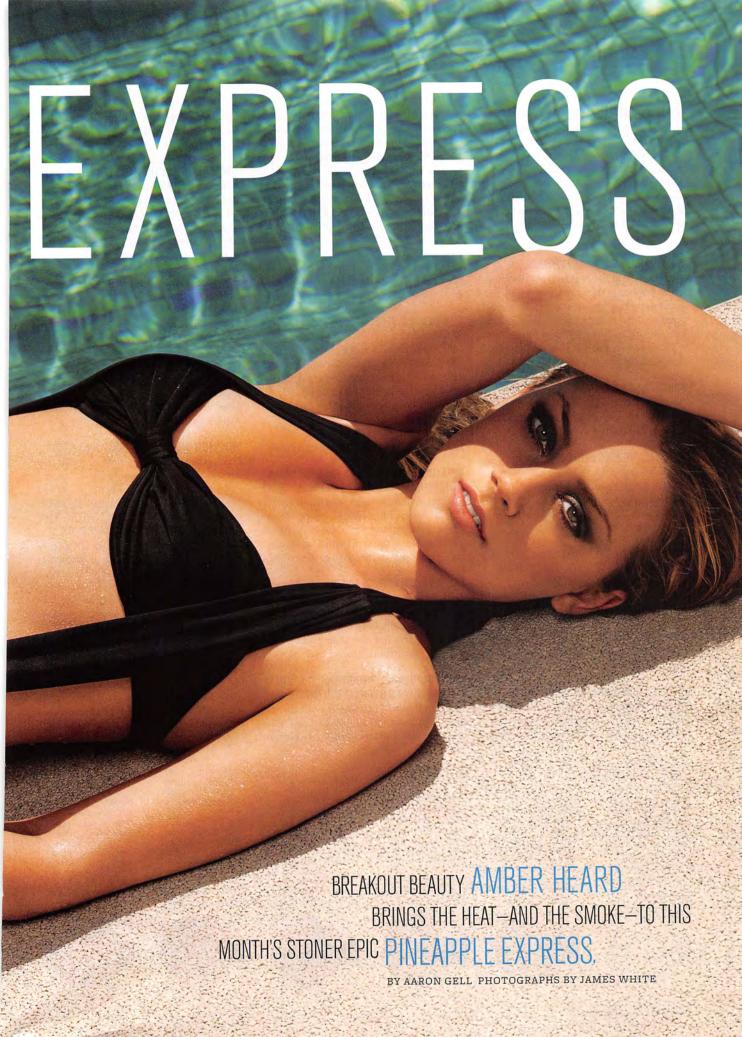
Tune in to M.I.A. — The Most Interesting Assistant on MOJO HD. Go to MOJOHD.com for times.

MOJO

My assistant Steve has unfortunately passed away, and I find myself in immediate need of a replacement who is skilled, organized, and living. Do you have the many skills that it takes to be my new assistant?







IF AMBER HEARD ISN'T A HOUSEHOLD NAME JUST YET, GIVE THE GIRL ANOTHER WEEK OR so. In a summer full of breakout hotties, this fiery Texan is creating more buzz than anybody else. After roles in North Country, Alpha Dog, and the recent kick-boxing melodrama Never Back Down, the 22-year-old is going big time with her turn as pothead Seth Rogen's teen girlfriend in Pineapple Express—the latest step in producer Judd Apatow's plan for Total Comedic Domination—and upcoming parts in All the Boys Love Mandy Lane and The Informers. With so many flicks coming out in such a short amount of time, it's no surprise that Amber's celebrity is reaching its boiling point. Beautiful, talented, and fearlessly outspoken (not to mention proficient with a gun), Amber is more than a little intimidating. "Yeah," she says with a laugh. "No wonder I'm single."

TELL US ABOUT PINEAPPLE EXPRESS.

Seth Rogen and James Franco play these potheads trapped in this comedy of errors, and I get thrown into the mix as Seth's neurotic young girlfriend, Angie, who is horrified that he's such a drug user. She's very square. Looking at the two of them as a couple, you're like, What are these two people doing together?

SORT OF LIKE KNOCKED UP.

Seriously!That's Judd Apatow. Knocked Up offers no justification whatsoever as to why Katherine Heigl falls in love with Seth Rogen.

HOW WAS WORKING WITH SETH?

He shows up on set, is given a script—in this case, he wrote it—and then ignores it. His performance was all improv. Of course, he wrote great things that helped people like me, who can't just have the camera turned on us.

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A GUESS AND SAY THINGS Got crazy on the set from time to time.

Seth Rogen, James Franco, Judd Apatow, and me, working all-night shoots 14 hours on end? Tons of stories—just none I can tell you.

WHAT'S APATOW LIKE?

That man is a machine. He's brilliant. And I'm lucky to be a well-oiled part of that machine.

YOU'VE GOT FOUR MOVIES COMING OUT IN 2008. It really sounds like this is your year.

Well, it's a long time coming. I've been working so hard to get to this point, I'll be damned if I'm

going to complain about having to deal with the success! I'm just working toward the freedom to do roles I can really put my heart into.

SO HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BECOME FAMOUS ALL OF A SUDDEN?

Idon't notice it, because I'm not seeking it out. If you're not looking for the bullshit, you most likely won't get it. I won't be going to clubs underwearless hoping for attention. I do that alone. [Has massive coughing fit.] Whoa, sorry.

ROUGH NIGHT?

I shouldn't have smoked that crack! [Laughs.]

SPEAKING OF DRUGS, THINK THE DRUG USE IN PINEAPPLE EXPRESS WILL BE CONTROVERSIAL?

If everybody smoked pot, we'd wind up with a bunch of overeating, creative people who are cool with everything. Seriously, anybody who gets upset over the fact that we're making a comedy about weed needs to be prescribed it.

ARE YOU PRETTY STRAIT-LACED?

Do I sound strait-laced? Maybe you should start listening. I don't have any problem with people who use drugs; I'm just too busy to go out there and party. But it's a shame more people can't take them the right way.

YOU'VE BEEN IN HOLLYWOOD FOUR YEARS NOW. How Jaded Would you say you are?

I started off jaded. Put it this way: Nothing surprises me. Everything you've heard about Hollywood is true. I've seen it all. But I welcomed it, because I knew my alternative: I came from Catholic school. I'd rather deal with sleazy producers than sleazy priests any day.

I UNDERSTAND YOU QUIT SCHOOL JUNIOR YEAR TO BECOME AN ACTRESS.

I escaped! You make me seem like a quitter—I'm a winner. I probably walked away half as fucked up as everyone else did who finished high school. At this point I feel like the world is in the palm of my hands. I'm my own god, and I worship myself. But I have compassion. I contribute to charities: Human Rights Campaign, Habitat for Humanity, the NRA...

YOU'RE A HUNTER?

No. Actually, I was vegetarian for seven years.

BUT YOU CARRY A GUN?

No, but I have a .357 magnum and a .38 special. My dad says anything less than that would just piss someone off. I live in Los Angeles, and I'm a single girl. I'd be stupid not to have a gun.

WHEN IS IT INAPPROPRIATE TO WIELD A GUN?

I can't go into an audition with one, although sometimes I would like to.

BACK TO MOVIES: YOU ALSO HAVE A ROLE IN THE INFORMERS, BASED ON THE BRET EASTON ELLIS NOVEL. THAT'S A PRETTY HARDCORE BOOK.

I was actually told not to read it. It's intense, and they were afraid I'd pull out of the film. They didn't know me, obviously. I have a few raunchy sex scenes and a lot of nudity and drug use, but I would have done way more. Isn't art supposed to challenge you and excite you and turn you on? If you're not stimulated to go have sex and a beer afterward, it's not doing its job.

SPEAKING OF SEX. ARE YOU DATING ANYONE?

Well, I'm not really attracted to other actors, and unfortunately that's all I meet. I plan to sleep with as many guys as possible before I get tied down. [Laughs.] Seriously, though, I'm definitely enjoying being single.

Unusual Suspects

Seth Rogen sounds off on the rest of the Pineapple Express cast.

Seth Rogen as Dale Denton

"Nothing in Dale's life is turning out the way he thinks it should be. He dates a high school girl, he's a process server, and he likes to get high. Over the course of the film, he decides to change his life."



James Franco as Saul Silver

"He wound up playing my character's stoner pot dealer, but when we initially approached him, he was supposed to do the straight-man part. People are gonna be surprised by how funny he can be."



Gary Cole as Ted Jones

"Gary plays the drug kingpin who chases us down. We shot a fight scene together for, like, an entire week. You really become close with someone when you beat the crap out of each other."



Danny McBride as Red

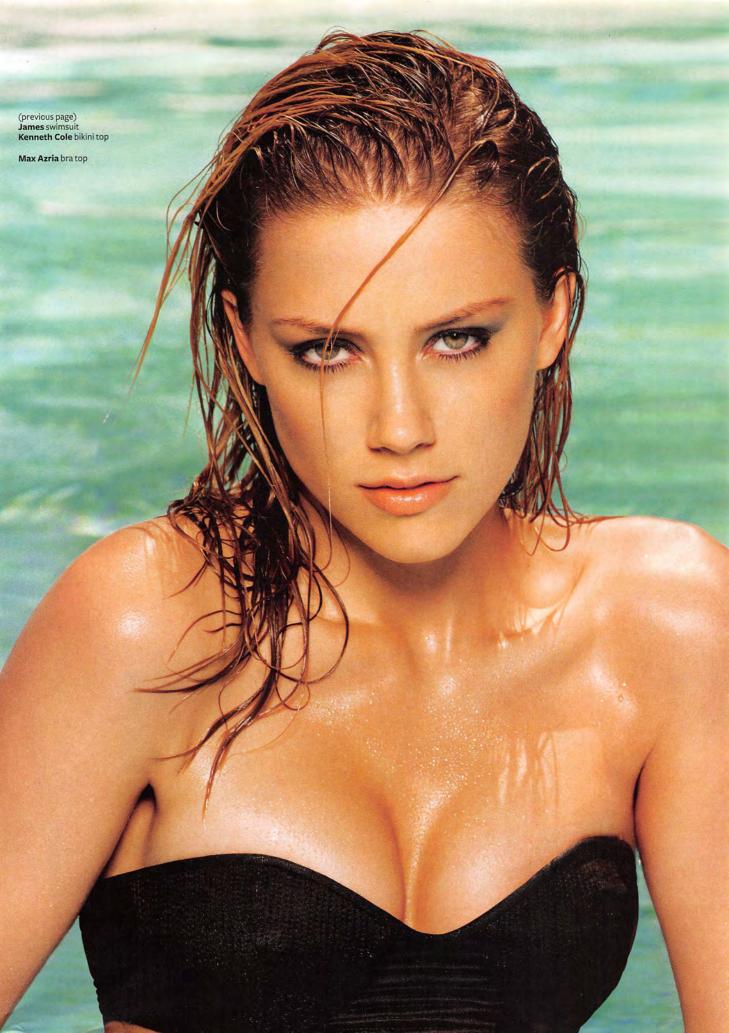
"Red is a double-crossing drug dealer. We offered him the part after watching The Foot Fist Way, before we even knew this movie was being made. I fractured my finger while riding his back, by the way."



Rosie Perez as Officer Carol

"She plays a corrupt cop who's in cahoots with the drug lord Gary plays. When she auditioned, it was like 'Wow, where's she been? She's fucking hilarious!' We got lucky with the cast."—Sam Riegel











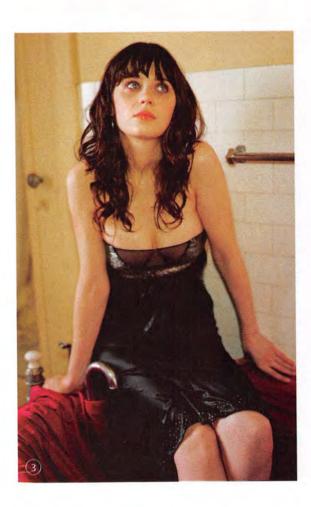


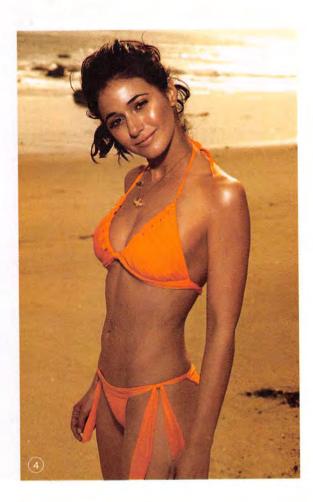
THEY'VE BEEN STARRING IN YOUR FAVORITE FLICKS FOR YEARS, BUT NOW THESE NINE GORGEOUS ACTRESSES ARE BURNING UP THE SCREENS WITH CAREER-DEFINING ROLES IN THE SEASON'S BIGGEST BLOCKBUSTERS.

HEAT WAVE









3 ZOOEY DESCHANEL

Watch your back, Scarlett Johansson! This supercute star of *The Happening* is quickly becoming the thinking man's sex symbol of choice. Whether it's her roles in a landslide of movies (*Yes Man*, opposite Jim Carrey, is one of *six* flicks Zooey has in the works) or as one half of the indie-rock duo She & Him, she's an undeniably hot property. **Breakout moment:** We won't spill any spoilers in case you missed M. Night's latest, but at the end of *The Happening*, a sexily terrified Zooey risks her life to share an intense minute with hubby Mark Wahlberg.

4 EMMANUELLE CHRIQUI

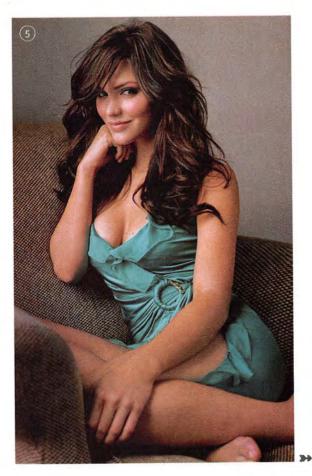
You probably know her as E's smoking-hot on-again, off-again girlfriend Sloan on *Entourage*, but this natural beauty is currently mounting a major assault on the silver screen. Besides her star-making role opposite Adam Sandler in You *Don't Mess With the Zohan*, Emmanuelle lights up the screen in three more movies set to open by year's end. Get ready to log some serious time at the multiplex.

Breakout moment: Why couldn't we be the ones sharing a romantic picnic with the stunning Emmanuelle instead of Sandler's idiotic Israeli?

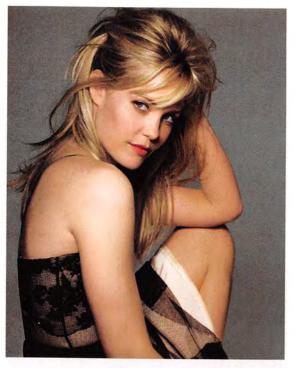
S KATHARINE MCPHEE

She charmed us with her voice as the most desirable American Idol runner-up since Clay Aiken, and now—one hit solo record and a nod as one of People's "noo Most Beautiful" later—Katharine is stretching her acting skills to the max by playing a frumpy, socially maladjusted sorority sister who gets a much-needed makeover in The House Bunny.

Breakout moment: Walking arm in arm with the reformed, and now gorgeous, ladies of Zeta House, McPhee steals the scene—and announces a big screen presence that's built to last.







DLESLIE BIBB

Even Iron Man Tony Stark was powerless to resist this bombshell, previously best known as Ricky Bobby's wife in *Talladega Nights*. As a mysteriously hot *Vanity Fair* political reporter willing to do *anything* to get the scoop, Leslie makes us regret dropping out of journalism school.

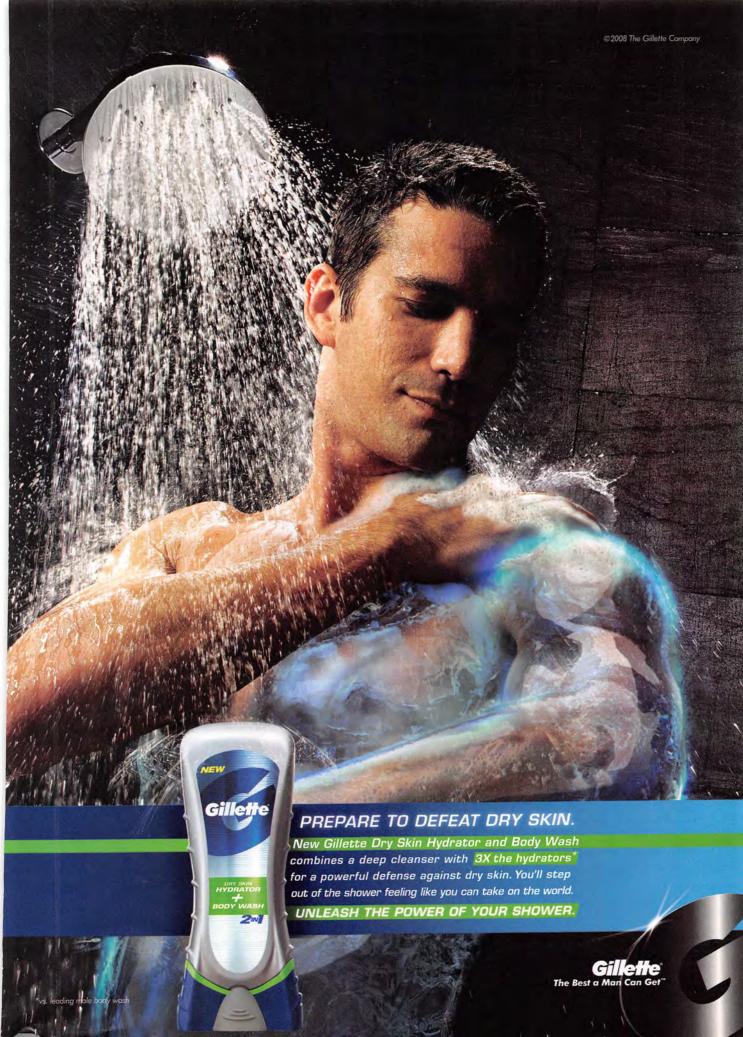
Breakout moment: Stark wants nothing to do with the sleepy-eyed Leslie after their fling, making us wonder if Downey really is off the drugs.



8 SELMA BLAIR

The pint-size knockout has fearlessly portrayed everything from a bicurious debutante (Cruel Intentions) to an emasculating bride (In Good Company), but she really lit a fire with fanboys as a pyro-telekinetic sidekick to a hulking red demon in 2004's surprise action-fantasy hit Hellboy.

Breakout moment: In Hellboy II: The Golden Army, when she tells that horny devil not to call her "babe," Selma shows us she's strong and sexy.

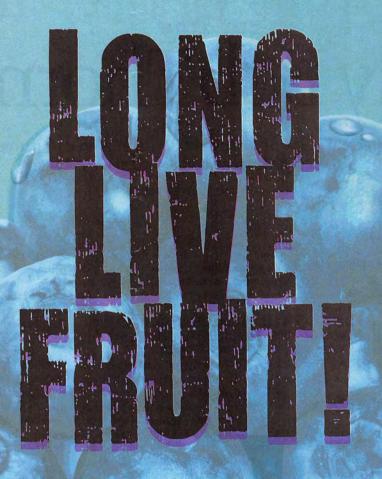




MILA KUNIS

Forgetting Sarah Marshall has plenty of laughs, but it really puts the audience's suspension of disbelief to the test. Clearly, Jason Segel's character would have forgotten all about his ex the moment he laid eyes on Mila playing the world's most unlikely hotel clerk. She was always adorable as Jackie on That '70s Show, but the Apatow-ized rom-com shows the world she's grown into a world-class looker.

Breakout moment: It's hard to pick just one of Mila's Sarah Marshall scenes as our favorite, but we can't help falling in love with her as she gazes at her doofy suitor belting out a number from his Dracula musical.





INTRODUCING EXTRA° FRUIT SENSATIONS" GUM





LCON

Billy Bob Thornton

The famously eccentric star of the new thriller Eagle Eye holds forth on Heath Ledger, his haunted manse, and his ethereal ex "Angie."

BY RUTH HILTON

YOU'VE MADE YOUR SHARE OF HITS AND FLOPS. WHICH OF YOUR FILMS ARE YOU PROUDEST OF?

My favorite performances are Sling Blade, The ManWhoWasn'tThere, and A Simple Plan. Toss Bad Santa and Monster's Ball in there, too. I'm not an indie snobwho only likes films about a guywho lives in a closet. I'd say the characters I could barely get out of, because I kind of am them, were the ones in A Simple Plan and The Man Who Wasn't There. Shaking those guys was tough.

WORD HAS IT YOUR BEVERLY HILLS MANSION IS HAUNTED BY A FEMALE GHOST. TRUE?

I'm pretty sure of it. We've heard lots of things in the house that just didn't make any sense. And on my last solo record, there were a couple of noises that didn't seem to come from any-place we could identify. There's been a couple of times I've been writing a song, and I'll get stuck on a line, and all of a sudden I'll come up with something out of nowhere. Maybe the ghost is helping me out

THE HOUSE WAS BUILT IN THE 1920S. WE HEARD THAT YOU DIDN'T LIKE OLD THINGS, THAT YOU WERE AFRAID OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

I've never gone for creepy old places, but it doesn't matter with Spanish-style houses—they all look the same anyway. But, say, an old Tudor? No, I'm not big on those at all.

GUITARIST AND LEGENDARY PARTY GUY SLASH Owned the House Before You. He must Have left a few skeletons behind.

He's really happy I bought it Slashwas over last week, and it makes him feel good that the place is up and running

DID A WICKED JAM SESSION ENSUE?

Not really We don't jam together. Truth told, we play pretty different kinds of music.

ON YOUR NEW ALBUM WITH YOUR BAND, THE BOXMASTERS, THERE'S A SONG CALLED "NO WHISKEY IN HEAVEN." WOULD IT BE A BUZZ-KILL IF THERE WERE NO LIQUOR IN THE AFTERLIFE?

Thopethere snowhiskey in heaven. The record

is about the lower middle class, their problems with relationships, alcoholism, drugs. The songs are about the kind of people that are stuck in the underbelly of life.

IT'S BEEN A TRAGIC YEAR IN HOLLYWOOD, WITH HEATH LEDGER DYING SO YOUNG. YOU WORKED WITH HIM ON *MONSTER'S BALL*...

Heath was a friend of mine, so that was pretty tragic. Just the other day, I was looking through my bag, and I found a scrap of paper on which he'd written his new cell number—I had run into him in New York one night late last year at the Four Seasons. I was just looking into my man-purse, and I opened it up and fell upon that number. It broke my heart. He worked so hard on Monster's Ball.



I'M NOT A SNOB WHO ONLY LIKES FILMS ABOUT A GUY WHO LIVES IN A CLOSET.



SO WHAT ATTRACTED YOU TO EAGLE EYE?

This is the kind of movie my manager likes me to do. He said: "Every now and then, you have to have your face on a bus stop." This one has a terrific script. You have to choose them carefully, because most of them are crap.

YOU'RE COSTARRING WITH SHIA LABEOUF. How's he to work with?

That kid is a really good actor. There wasn't much for me to teach him. He's just a natural.

HOW HAS BEING IN YOUR 50s CHANGED YOU?

These days, when I have to pee, I have to go right now! There's no waiting around. I have arthritis in my neck. I've also had a bunch of injuries. This whole right side of my body was broken to pieces in a horse-riding accident:

broken collarbone, six broken ribs, cracked pelvis, a concussion.

IS IT TRUE YOUR MOTHER IS A CLAIRVOYANT?

My mom is a renowned psychic in the South. She's semi-retired. But she's done work for the police—missing persons and stuff like that.

DO YOU PREDICT YOU'LL MARRY AGAIN?

Probably not. I told Connie [Angland, his livein girlfriend] I didn't want to put her through that. We do fine. We've been together for four years now. We have a child together. If we get married, then the press will start calling her "Number Six."

MOST PEOPLE DON'T SEE THEIR EX'S FACE STARING OUT FROM BILLBOARDS EVERYWHERE. IS THAT EVER BIZARRE?

No. Especially not when you're still friends.

DO YOU HAVE ANY PLANS TO DO ANOTHER MOVIE WITH ANGELINA?

We've talked about it plenty of times. I'm sure we will. We want to be really careful that we pick the right one. Maybe a comedy. In other words, we wouldn't want to do a movie about a husband-wife relationship. That probably wouldn't be very good.

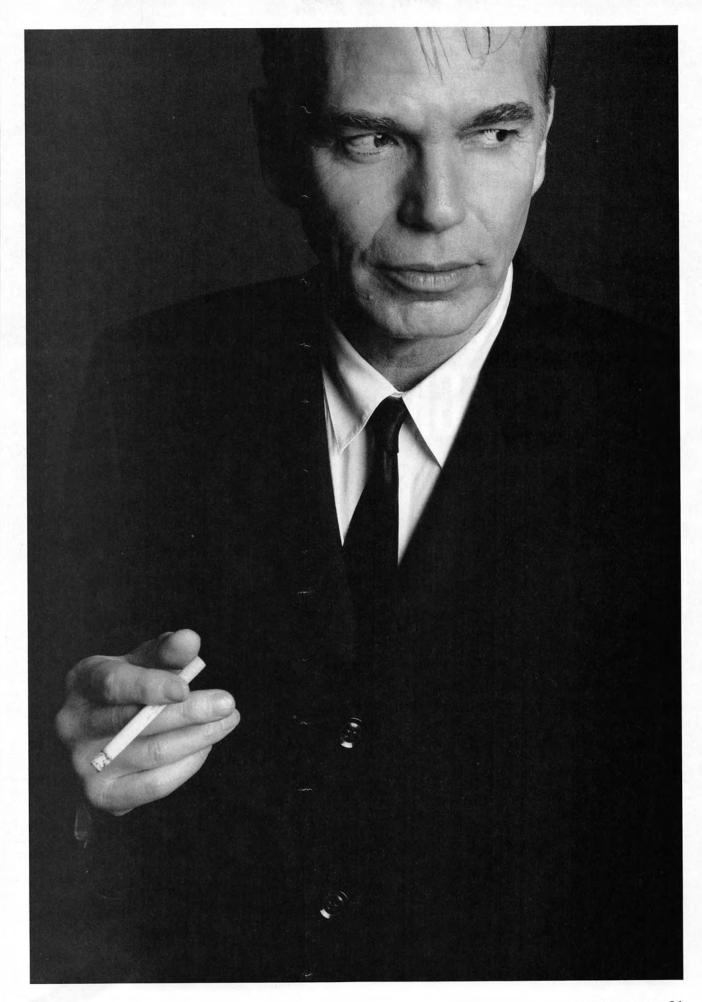
BACK WHEN YOU WERE TOGETHER, SHE WAS A WILD CHILD. NOW THERE'S THE U.N. AMBASSADORSHIP, THE CHARITY WORK...

Oh, it's incredible. Angie to me is like the Audrey Hepburn of this generation. All the movies she does, all the kids she has. And now twins? She's just incredible.

YOU'RE FINISHING UP A NEW MOVIE CALLED Manure, about the Fertilizer Business. You realize you've given the film critics a Born one-liner, right?

Oh, absolutely. We're handing them shit on a silver platter.

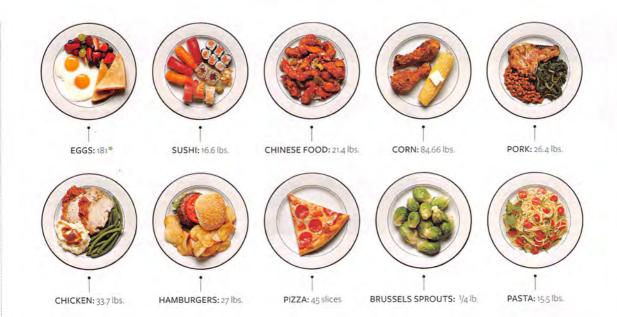
Eagle Eye opens in theaters September 26. The Boxmasters are currently touring the U.S.





TAKE
TASTE AND
REFRESHMENT
BY THE NECK
AND TWIST
ITS CAP OFF.





THE 2008 MAXIM TODI Autorials

Feast your eyes on the most awe-inspiring plates in America.



CHEESE: 27 lbs.

Four score and 17 pounds ago, we set out to do the impossible: eat everything in this great land and report back on the crunchiest, tastiest, most delicious menu items money can buy. We enlisted an army of experts to aid us—Pulitzer prize-winning food writer Jonathan Gold, famed N.Y.C. critic Robert Sietsema, Daily Show creator Lizz Winstead, among others—and raided every food establishment that would let us in, from fancy restaurants to backwoods BBQ joints to illegally parked food trucks. We swallowed succulent steaks, chewed fried pig ears, and downed hangover-killing desserts, and now we're ready to sing the praises of the best. So put a napkin on your lap and bust out some wet naps. Here's the juiciest story you'll ever read.



POTATOES: 126 lbs.



CAVIAR: 2.5 lbs.



CHOCOLATE: 14 lbs.



STEAK: 39.4 lbs.



COOKIES: 11 lbs.



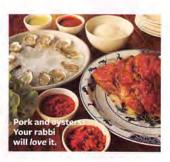
MAIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO TONELLI

^{*} Typical amount of food the average American stuffs in his maw in a year

PIG BUTT: MOMOFUKU SSÄM BAR'S BO SSÄM

New York, NY

With respect to pit bosses around the country, nobody pigs out like N.Y.C. wunderkind David Chang, who was named the city's outstanding chef at this year's James Beard Foundation Awards, the food industry's Oscars. At Momofuku Ssäm, Chang offers up Bo Ssäm, a pork butt slow-cooked in sugar, soy, and wine for seven hours, a dish so tender and flavorful it's been known to make grown men cry. Possibly at the \$200 price tag. momofuku.com-David Swanson



The Frankenburger Is Alive!



We stitched together a monster out of the best parts of our favorite burgers from around the country. (Warning: The assembled beast might not taste as good as it looks.)



We cop the crisp from the Clarke's Charcoal Broiler in Mountain View, CA, smoky enough that you can taste it through all the other glop.



The Sauce

The secret sauce from Madison, WI's Plaza Tavern & Grill, a savory white substance that tastes like a cross between mayo, sour cream, and angel tears.



The Avocado

Green and slippery lube for your gullet, from Country Kitchen in Malibu, CA



Why fool with perfection? A simple slice of American cheese from White Hut in West Springfield, MA



The Chili

Spicy and saucy, straight from the ladle of Ben's Chili Bowl in Washington, D.C.



Beef brisket and sirloin steak ground together into a moist puck of love, from Shake Shack in New York City



The Onions

Sweetly grilled to perfection, from Dirty Martin's Kum-Bak Place in Austin, TX



An effete French brioche, shiny and brown on the outside, light and eggy in the middle, from DuMont Burger in Brooklyn, NY

—Robert Sietsema

HISTORY BITES

Snack on this timeline of all things tasty!

300,000 в.с.

Fire is discovered. Cave man cooks quickly realize that caramelized pterodactyl is tastier than rotting corpse of pterodactyl.

An Arab nomad invents cheese after storing milk in a sheep's stomach. Pretty sure every cheese since has tasted better than this one.

SLICKEST SECRET INGREDIENT: BLOOD Nava Thai Noodle and Grill Restaurant

Tucked in a corner of a tiny parking lot, sandwiched between air-conditioning units and a Waste Management Dumpster, Nava Thai's furtive location is part of its appeal-much like the secret ingredient in their \$7.95 Floating Market Noodle Soup: cow's blood. "It makes the soup thicker and a little bit sweeter," says owner and chef Ladavan Srigatesook. With spiced meatballs, slices of flank steak, fried pork rinds, bean sprouts, veggies, and a tangle of fat rice noodles in a rich brown broth (that's the blood), this may be the most complex (and scariest) soup you've ever had.—Tim Carmon

MOST KICK-ASS DONUT: THE "GRILLS WITH" White Spot

Charlottesville, VA

The \$3.25 "Grills With" is the patron saint of hung-over UVA coeds. The premise is simple—two grilled glazed donuts topped with ice cream-but the devil is in the details. The griddle, seasoned by decades of beef patties, bacon, and eggs, caramelizes the donuts' sugary coating and warms the doughy insides. The finishing touch is an upturned cafeteria cup of vanilla ice cream. Sweet and savory, soft and crunchy, warm and cold, this donut does it all.—Oliver Sharpe

BEST THREE-IN-ONE: THE GARBAGE PLATE Nick Tahou Hots, Inc.

Rochester, NY

If you can't decide what you want, head to Rochester, where the Garbage Plate lives (\$6). A base of any combination of home fries, macaroni salad, baked beans, or french fries is topped by your choice of cheeseburgers, hamburgers, fish, sausages, eggs, fried ham, chicken tenders, veggies, or grilled cheese, and is dressed with mustard, onions, and Nick Tahou's hot sauce (brown and mysterious). We get indigestion just writing about it. garbageplate.com—Dan Bova

BEST USE OF MASHED POTATOES: THE LOBSTER SHEPHERD'S PIE

The American Restaurant

Kansas City, MO

James Beard Foundation Award-winning chef Celina Tio has crafted the most divine dish out of the lowly spud: The taters are whipped into a buttery, creamy froth and squeezed into miniature poofs. Add lobster morsels married with gently simmered baby carrots and pearl onions and you've got a party in your mouth for \$20. theamericankc. com-Lauren Chapin

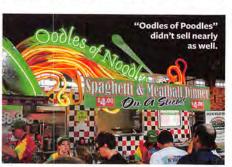
BEST FOOD-ON-A-STICK BREAKTHROUGH:

DEEP-FRIED SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS Oodles of Noodles Minnesota State Fair (Aug. 21-Sept. 1)

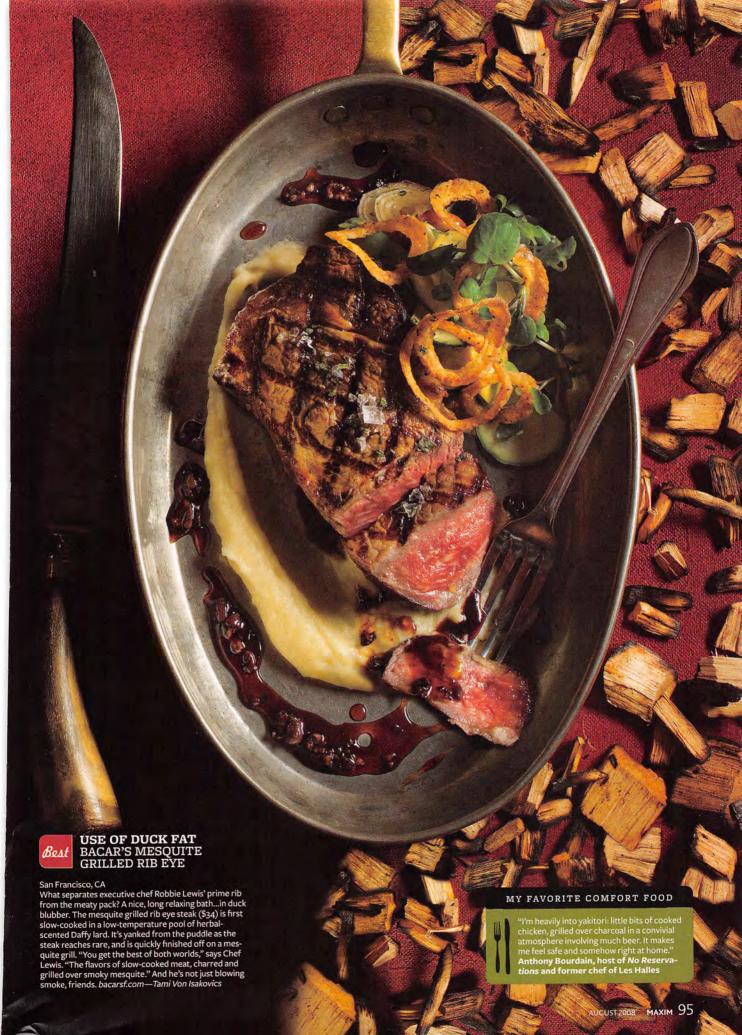
American ingenuity at its finest: Servers create a meatball cocoon around a wad of spaghetti, pop it in the deep fryer, and shove a stick in it. The sensation of eating this crunchy on the outside, hot and moist on the inside, \$4 monster has been described as "vaguely erotic" and "like heaven, with extra oregano." Stroll the grounds and, with each bite, metaphorically extend a middle finger to the corn dog old guard. mnstatefair.org-Lizz Winstead

CRUNCHIEST FAUX FRIES: POLENTA FRIES Fascino

Eight dollars gets you a stack of "fries" and deliciously heavy gorgonzola fondata dipping sauce. "People don't order it as an app," says executive chef Ryan DePersio. "They order it while looking at the menu, midcourse, or with entrees." We suggest all three. fascinorestaurant.com-Eric Levin



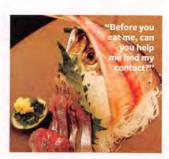




RAW FISH JOINT: BLOWFISH

San Francisco, CA

A mix of Spanish mackerel, spicy scallops, and Japanese anime porn streaming over the sushi bar puts this raw fish and rice chain on top. Creative appetizers of venison or ostrich, club-thumping music, and videos of buxom cartoon women make Blowfish Sushi. with locations in San Jose, West Hollywood, and Auckland, the sex-drenched Disneyland of seaweed. Wash all the sexiness down with one of more than 100 sakes. Bonsai! blowfishsushi.com-Kristen Bender



Supercharged Cocktails

Four funky twists on the classics that'll knock you off your barstool.









Classic: Bloody Mary

Mutant: Heirloom Tomato Bloody Mary Better than any vodka-spiked V-8 you've ever had, it's made with fresh heirloom tomatoes, Bombay Sapphire gin, triple sec, a whole lemon, and four leaves of basil. The man behind it is bar manager Manny Hinojosa, this year's winner of Shake It Up, the nation's biggest mixology competition. Kind of beats our T-ball participation ribbon hanging on Mom's fridge. Walnut Creek Yacht Club

Walnut Creek, CA walnutcreekyachtclub.com

Classic: Margarita Mutant: The Fresa Brava

The master mixologists at New York's Death & Co. have invented a seriously spicy take on your favorite Mexican cocktail: Muddle a few strawberries in simple syrup, add ice, some yellow Chartreuse, and lemon juice, and spike with two ounces of Herradura Silver tequila infused with jalapeño peppers. It burns going down, and very likely on the way back up.

Death & Co.

New York, NY deathandcompany.com

Classic: White Russian Mutant: Milk punch

Brennan's Restaurant, located in the seedy heart of New Orleans' French Quarter, makes a morning eye-opener that blends a stiff tumbler of bourbon or brandy, ice-cold half-and-half, simple syrup, Mexican vanilla, and a dusting of delicious nutmeg on top. For stealth drunkenness, try pouring it over your cereal. Snap, crackle, drop!

Brennan's

New Orleans, LA brennansneworleans.com

Classic: Bourbon and ginger Mutant: Bourbon and maple We like to imagine that lumber jacks enjoy this beverage after a hard day of work deforesting the great outdoors. The bourbon and maple at Bar Johnny in San Fran is like a blast of bourbon drowning in tasty tree sap. It's got Woodford Reserve, maple syrup, Nocino Della Cristina, and Angostura bitters. No lemon drops here!

Bar Johnny

San Francisco, CA barjohnny.com

-Chris Wilson

FOOD FIGHT

PADMA LAKSHMI VS. GIADA DE LAURENTIIS

The superhot Top Chef host combines the best of Heidi Klum's body with the worst of Seal's face-and somehow makes it all work!





The foxy Food Network chef likes to flash cleavage on her soft-core porn cooking show Everyday Italian. She's the hottest Hobbit.

WINNER: PADMA. STILL MAKES SALMAN WEEP IN HIS BEARD.

The Earl of Sandwich gets a popular kind of food named after him. We forget which one, but we probably ate it for lunch today!

Mason Crockett Gregory creates the deep-fried donut with a hole in it. America's obesity problem rises from the delicious primordial ooze.

Charles Feltman invents the hot dog in Coney Island, New York. On the Cyclone roller coaster 50 years later, hot dog barf debuts.

STRANGEST SNACK: KOOL-AID PICKLES Anywhere south of the Mason-Dixon Line

Take a jug of dill pickles and add Kool-Aid mix. Let sit for a few days and you've got a red (or purple or orange), sweetsour candied pickle. Crunch the weirdness. - Steven Russell

TASTIEST CITY: CHICAGO

The city best known for its kielbasa and deep-dish is quickly establishing its name as America's mecca for forwardlooking cuisine. Grant Achatz at Alinea, Graham Elliot Bowles at Avenues, Homaru Cantu at Moto, and Michael Carlson at Schwa have grabbed the culinary baton from leg-endary Chicago chef Charlie Trotter and are running with it, turning out dishes that play with diners' notions of taste and texture. (Achatz won the Best Chef in America award at this year's James Beard Foundation Awards.) While dishes such as liquid donuts (Moto), Applewood ice cream (Alinea), prosciutto consommé (Schwa), and foie gras with crushed pop rocks (Avenues) sound more like stunts than meals, for all four chefs taste remains of paramount importance. This kind of cooking isn't for everybody, but for adventurous gourmands the Second City is second to none. - D.S.

MOST CRACK-LIKE SNACK: TRADER JOE'S THAI LIME & CHILI PEANUTS

These nuts spiced with dried chilies, lemongrass, curry leaves, and cane sugar are as hot as they are addictive (\$1.99 per 16-ounce pack).—Kelly Alexander

ARTIEST USE OF ARTICHOKES: ARTICHOKE SOUP **Duarte's Tavern**

Pescadero, CA

Surfers drop by this ancient dive (which won a James Beard Foundation America's Classics Award in 2003) for their insanely delicious cream of artichoke soup—smoothly puréed, an unearthly shade of pale green. It's only \$8. Sweet, bra. duartestavern.com-R.S.

BEST BARBECUE: DRY-RUB RIBS

The Rendezvous

Memphis, TN

This place practically invented dry-seasoning-rubbed pork ribs, and it lives up to its rep. Ask for less than a full order (\$17) and risk the scorn of your waiter. hogsfly.com-S.R.

BEST WET RIBS

The Brick Pit

Mobile, AL

Succulent slabs of pork ribs (\$17) are cooked over hickory and pecan logs, basting in their own fat for a full 12 hours. You'll taste every second. brickpit.com-S.R.

BEST PULLED PORK SANDWICH

Jinx's Pit's Top Barbecue

Charlottesville, VA

For a mere \$4.50, this juicy "sammich" on Texas toast will transport your mouth to the Mississippi Delta. jinxsbarbecue.com-S.R.

BEST CHICKEN

Phil's Chicken House

Endicott, NY

The crazy-good baste—vinaigrette enriched with egg and poultry spice—was actually invented by a Cornell professor in the '50s (\$6). philschickenhouse.com-S.R.

BEST BRISKET

Southside Market & BBQ

Elgin, TX

Caramelized on the outside, smoky as a fireman's helmet, and fatty throughout. Texans call it "rich." (\$7.59 per lb.) southsidemarket.com—S.R.







Where the Streets Have No Napkins

Pulitzer prize-winning food critic Jonathan Gold waxes rhapsodic on the sweatiest thing about L.A. roads (besides the smog and traffic).





"Say, can you fellas back that van off my foot?"

In Los Angeles, street food is so good that it's illegal. The business district has been cleansed of its carts, and so mobile food has gone underground.

In certain neighborhoods of the urban core, tamale vendors are stationed every few yards, slipping their customers the goods like so much steaming contraband. Scarred, shirtless men sell drinking coconuts, lopping off the tops with rusty machetes when you slide them a buck or two. Fruit carts sluice watermelons or mangos with lime juice and disabling lashings of hot chili, ready to scoot when somebody spots the cops. The noblest criminals of them all, purveyors of the cholesterol-laden crack known as bacon-wrapped hot dogs, are as furtive as smugglers, preparing their illicit treats on makeshift grills rigged from propane tanks and old shopping carts, knowing that when they are caught, their mobile factories of joy will be tossed in a Dumpster like so many possum carcasses.

Taco trucks, the acknowledged aristocrats of Los Angeles street food, often have hourlong lines for their exquisite fare, not just the usual tacos and burritos but street food from every imaginable region of Mexico: Oaxacan clayudas and Sinaloan seafood cocktails and

Mexico City-style quesadillas and Guadalajara-style goat and the godhead sandwiches called cemitas from Puebla are all available for less than the price of a quarter pounder with cheese. (Try the truck that spends weekends behind El Taurino, Hoover Ave. at 11th St. in the Westlake district.) Alas, taco trucks are apparently too good to be true: A recent county ordinance threatens to sweep them off the streets as well. (Los Angeles, as is well known, has essentially no problems with street gangs—just evil taqueros.)

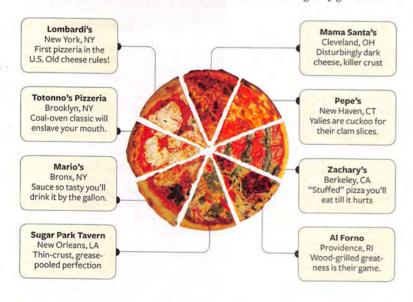
Hit Olympic and Whittier Blvds. in East L.A. late at night and you may run into the most feared operation of them all, the itinerant taco carts that sprout around midnight: the smell of charring meat, the fire, the islands of warmth and light in the cold dark, practically compel you to eat off soggy paper plates balanced on the roof of your car, to watch a cone of marinated pork blackening on its flame-licked spit as if it were the Super Bowl in sudden-death overtime. Does it matter that the stand, set up in front of an auto-body shop, has no name or license? No. You bite into the tacos while the bubbling meat is still hot enough to scorch your greasy lips, and in that moment you know there is no better food on Earth.



American Pie

Reader Picks

Our highly opinionated selection of the nation's best slices of greasy goodness.



1940

First McDonald's opens. Shortly thereafter the Hamburglar does time for stealing sandwiches, and is promptly shanked by his cell mate.

1940

Invention of the turkey baster results in moist, tasty Thanksgiving birds...and allows lesbians to experience the joys of motherhood!

1963

Julia Child hits the airwaves, introducing America to French cooking and the concept of a sexy chef...or was that just us?

MOST DOWN-HOME FRIED CHICKEN Gus's

Mason, TN

This famous place is a tiny shotgun shack with a ceiling so low the fryer smoke hangs barely above diners' heads. Breathe deep. The bird meat is crispy and juicy, with a hit of cayenne (\$9). So. Fucking. Good.—S.R.

BEST SHOULDER RUB: MUTTON SANDWICH George's Bar-B-Q

Owensboro, KY

This cheap eat (\$2.99!) is made "off the pit," meaning the spice-rubbed meat comes freshly sliced as it's dragged from the barbecue pit. Glorious.—R.S.

CRAZIEST CRAB CREATION: HARD FRIED CRAB Pappas Seafood Co.

Parkville, MD

Take a crab, stuff it with crab cake, then fry the whole thing and eat! Hardcore fans order them twice-dredged and twice-fried, which yields a product more like a football than a meal (\$6.95). pappascrabcakes.com—Stephanie Shapiro

BEST BUFFALO WINGS IN BUFFALO: DUFF'S FAMOUS WINGS

Amherst, NY

OK, so technically it's in Amherst, but it's close enough to Buffalo. Duff's makes their wings supercrispy, which helps 'em hold on to their famous sauces (\$17 for 20). Speaking of which, manager Ed Conley cautions, "Our 'death' sauce is called that for a reason."—D.B.

LEAST WASTEFUL SPOT: HOLEMAN AND FINCH Atlanta, GA

This new gastropub is serious about hoof-to-tail eating—so serious that they have a \$8 dish of fried pigs' ears and tails. (The ears taste like bacon jerky with a crunchy cornmeal crust.) If you haven't thrown up in your mouth just thinking about it, book a table. holeman-finch.com—B.R.

GREATEST RESTAURANT MOTTO EVER:

"NEED NO TEEF TO EAT MY BEEF."

House Park Bar-B-Que

Austin, TX—Theresa Everline

MOST DELICIOUS BURIED BABY: COCHINITA PIBIL Sazón

Austin, TX

Cochinita means "baby pig," and pibil means "buried." Got it? The meat (\$11.29) is marinated in citrus juice and fiery red achiote, wrapped in banana leaf, and then roasted...for... a...long...time. It's so good that in Robert Rodriguez' Once Upon a Time in Mexico, the main character literally kills for it. sazonaustin.com—T.E.

BEST FRENCH DIP: THE FRENCH LAUNDRY

Fenton, MI

While it isn't NoCal's French Laundry, with 37 Michelin stars, this place gets a great big shiny star in the wet meat department. This is all you need to know about their signature sandwich (\$10.25): lean, tender roast beef; crusty French bread; sauteed onions; hot, clear gravy with a splash of brandy; and a pickle the size of a baby's head.—*Bill Motchan*

SCARIEST DINING ROOM: KOBE CLUB

New York, NY

Look up. Yes, those are real samurai swords—2,000 of them, in fact—dangling above your head. Relax and enjoy your meal!—Joe Bargmann

MOST AWESOMELY DISGUSTING DIVE BAR FOOD: THE VANDROSS

The Gravity Pub

Atlanta, GA

Simply stated, the Vandross is a \$6.50 bacon cheeseburger served on a halved Krispy Kreme donut. If that's not gross enough, you could also order the Mulligan, a hot dog encased in ground beef and deep fried. Or you could skip it. thegravitypub.com—Besha Rodell

BEST SALAMI HIDER: ARMANDINO BATALI Salumi Artisan Cured Meats

eattle, WA

Mario Batali's dad just wanted a fun retirement hobby. He went to Italy, learned the secrets of salumi, and has become a demigod of dried meat to countless chefs. Bow down to his prosciutto! salumicuredmeats.com—Cynthia Nims



The World's Tastiest Cow

If Sam the Butcher brought Alice meat like this, she'd walk funny for weeks.

Prime rib: The Prime Rib's namesake cut is aged for weeks, roasted, and served bone-in. Washington, D.C. theprimerib.com



Rib eye: The 24-ouncer at Al Biernat's will make you see God (otherwise known as Tom Landry). Dallas, TX albiernats.com



New York strip: Seventyfive days. That's how long Craftsteak's team dry-ages its 18-ounce wonder. New York, NY craftrestaurant.com



T-bone: Gene & Georgetti's 32-ounce T-bone would be labeled a porterhouse in a lesser joint. Chicago, IL geneandgeorgetti.com





Porterhouse: Popes are

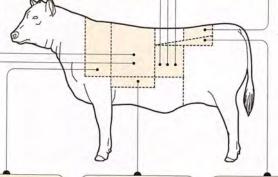
selected with less care

than the fine meats at

Peter Luger's.

peterlugers.com

Brooklyn, NY



Short ribs: Wolfgang Puck's CUT braises its Indian-spiced short ribs for eight hours. Beverly Hills, CA wolfgangpuck.com



Hanger: Ray's the Steaks shuns typical tiny portions and gives you almost the whole damn hanger. Arlington, VA



Filet mignon: At Bern's Steakhouse, you don't have to trade flavor for tenderness. Tampa, FL bernssteakhouse.com -Tim Carmon



FOOD FIGHT

MICROBREWS VS. BUDWEISER

High prices, whimsical labels, fancy aromas. They're like Summer's Eve with a better buzz.





The taste is...Fuck it. You can buy a 36-pack of cans for less than a gallon of gas. Score!

WINNER: BUD! PUMPKIN BERRY ALE MAKES BABY JESUS CRY.

Blowtorches first used in cooking. Used to heat the crust on crème brûlée, sear meats, and make tasty "cracksmoke soup" ever since.

Fondue parties replace "key parties" as the cool bashes of choice. Sadly, melted cheese turns out to be harder on shag carpeting than orgies.

New York's Gotham Bar and Grill ushers in the high-end trend of cuisine nouvelle, which is French for "less food for a lot more money."

TINIEST WIENIES: GUS'S HOT DOGS

Watervliet, NY

These Lilliputian franks (60 cents each!) are a mere three inches in length and are served in proportionally small (adorable!) buns, gobbed with onions, mustard, and a chocolaty, cinnamony chili sauce. Order by the dozen.—R.S.

BEST NEW ORLEANS SANDWICH THAT'S NOT A MUFFALETTA: HALF-AND-HALF PO-BOY Domilise's

New Orleans, LA

Fried oysters and shrimp piled high on crusty French bread, lovingly dressed with lettuce, pickles, ketchup, mayo, and hot sauce (\$12.50). Your Big Easy hangover has met its miraculous match...at least for today.—S.R.

QUICKEST SWEET TOOTH FIX: FROZEN CUSTARD

Leon's

Milwaukee, WI

Wisconsinites line up 10 deep to enjoy the best soft-serve ever, concocted of fresh milk and cream and sent into artery-gumming orbit with egg yolks (\$1.56).-R.S.

LOUDEST DISH: SIZZLING FAJITAS

Ninfá's

Houston, TX

The place to get fajitas is right where they were invented: at the Original Ninfá's. A charcoal grill right inside the front door flames skirt steak strips to smoking tenderness (\$16.95). Try not to eat your hand while you wait for your name to be called. mamaninfas.com-R.S.

BEST RAW DEAL: TERE SEGA

Abay Market

Falls Church, VA

Want adventure? The tere sega (\$12), comprising thick slabs of raw—yes, raw—cow round, delivers. It might sound a little gross, but once the round is cut, wrapped in Ethiopian flatbread, and dipped in molten awaze sauce, the flesh does its thing: The meat's cool temperature contrasts with the spicy sauce; its dense texture contrasts with the spongy injera; and it delivers an unadulterated jolt of beef flavor. Abay Market, thanks in large part to its tere sega, won a Best Bargain Restaurant Award in 2008 from Northern Virginia Magazine and was rated Best Ethiopian Restaurant by the Washington City Paper in 2008. Show-offs.—T.C.

FRESHEST FRIES: ORIGINAL HOT DOG SHOP Pittsburgh, PA

Known to generations of drunken University of Pittsburgh students as the O, this fast-food wonderland claims to fry 25,000 pounds per week. A small serving (which is actually huge) is a dangerously inexpensive \$3.17. -R.S.

LOCAL-EST CONDIMENT: COMEBACK SAUCE **Mayflower Cafe**

Jackson, MS

Every restaurant in town has its own version of this garlicky, spicy bastardization of Thousand Island dressing. Our pick for the best? The Mayflower Cafe, a 73-year-old Greek diner that grills up seafood straight from the Gulf.—B.R.

BEST UPDATE: SPICY DEVILED EGGS Lamberts Downtown Barbecue

Normally, deviled eggs are the kissin' cousin of tater tots and Cheez Whiz, but executive chef Larry McGuire fancies things up by puréeing the yolks with cornichons and jalapeños and topping 'em with tarragon, parsley, chives, paprika, and caviar (\$6). "I thought it was clever because it's eggs on eggs," says McGuire. Good one! lambertsaustin.com—T.E.



DINER

CAFÉ

CANTEEN

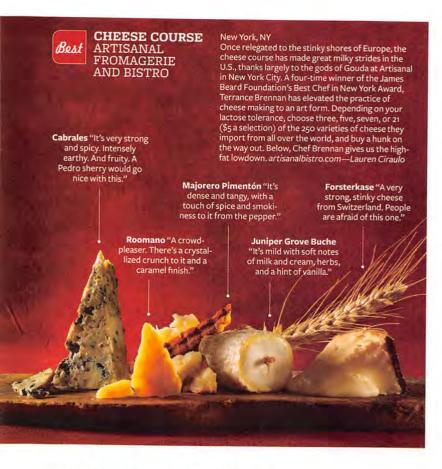
CHOPHOUSE

GREASY SPOON

SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.







Put Sex on the Menu

The authors of How to Eat Like a Hot Chick tell you how.

1. Don't Drink White Wine

We want our man to drink like Ernest Hemingway (minus the suicidal tendencies).

2. Eat Meat

When we watch you tear into a giant steak or a heaping pile of ribs, it reminds us of a cave man ripping relentlessly into a carcass. It screams of oldfashioned animalistic passion. Seeing you nibble tenderly on a Tofurkey leg? Not so much.

3. Shovel It In!

Don't you dare order a burrito, unroll it, pick out the beans, nibble on the chicken, and leave it on your plate all mutilated and gross. It's a total turnoff to see a guy leave food unfinished and untouched, because it makes us imagine you leaving us that way.—Jodi Lipper and Cerina Vincent



FOOD FIGHT

GRITS VS. HOME FRIES

Ground and boiled corn. grits are immensely popular in the South, as is appearing on Cops.





The greasy fried taters often come with onions and peppersand the occasional short-order cook's pinkie.

WINNER: FRIES! SCREW YOU, HEALTHY START OF THE DAY!

Skeletal fashion models kick off decade of "heroin chic," ushering in emaciated body types and, more importantly, leaving more food for us!

Anthony Bourdain eats the still-beating heart of a freshly killed cobra. Maxim staff one-ups him by dining at Red Lobster in Times Square.

Locally grown and raised food becomes the hottest trend in eating, which is bad news for Sir Oinks A Lot, our beloved office pig.



BIGGEST TEQUILA BAR: EL AGAVE

San Diego, CA

Crazy for cactus liquor? Worm your way into this famed tequileria, which serves more than 450 tequilas and has been named the nation's top tequila spot by the likes of Gourmet magazine and boozehound bible Cocktails and Spirits. Whether you're craving an impeccably constructed margarita or a shot of the swillery's own El Agave Artesanal Extra Aged tequila (\$150 a shot), you're in for the best night of drinking you will never remember. elagave.com-C.W.

TASTIEST MIDDLE EASTERN BBQ: KHAN BBQ Chicago, IL

Pakistani-born pit master Amjad Khan doesn't serve pork (he's Muslim), but his love for what charcoal does to meat makes him part of the BBQ brotherhood all the same. His signature dish, the chicken boti (\$6.50), is flecked with both luminous green spices and black bits of char. Bite in and the tender meat explodes in your mouth like a Bollywood dance number in psychedelic Technicolor.-Michael Gebert

WEIRDEST BEVERAGE: BUTTERMILK Hot Dog Johnny's

Buttzville, NJ

Yep, it is really located in Buttzville. After wolfing down a deep-fried dog, most patrons pick one of the two beverages for which the stand is famous: a mug of birch beer or a tall glass of...buttermilk (\$1.25). Yum? hotdogjohnny.com—R.S.

BEST REINVENTION OF A SCHOOL LUNCH STAPLE: WILD BOAR SLOPPY JOE

Ouinn's Pub

Seattle, WA

The wild boar sloppy joe with crispy sage and deep-fried onions is this Seattle gastropub's show-stopper. Served open-faced on a sesame-seed bun, it's as sloppy as the ones you had in grade school, but the fried jalapeño on top graduates this beast to head of the class. quinnspub.com—C.N.

MOST OVERWORKED STAFF: MCCRADY'S

Charleston, SC

Head chef Sean Brock takes control freak to the next level: He started a pig farm and a veggie farm to supply his restaurant. The cooks work the farm as part of their jobs—there are no farm employees. Brock's dishes are crazily ingredient-focused, each component coaxed to a paragon of flavor. As he says, "When you push a carrot seed into the ground and stare at it for 60 days waiting for it to grow, you look at that carrot differently when it finally makes its way into the kitchen." We can just imagine where his dirt-covered chefs would like him to stick it. mccradysrestaurant.com—B.R.

SMARTEST SOMMELIER: ALDO SOHM

Le Bernardin

New York, NY

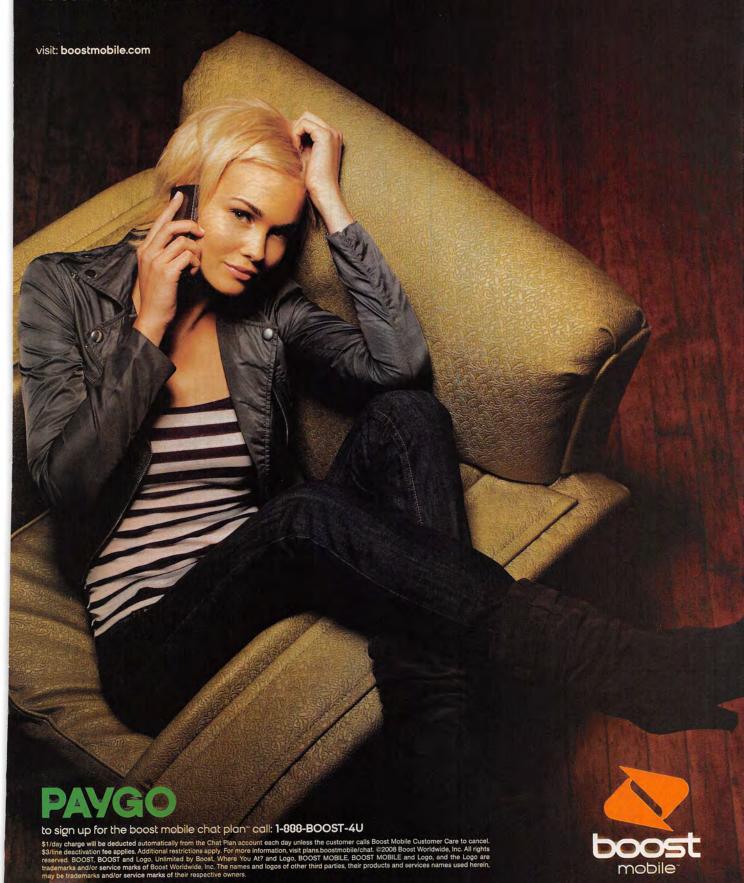
In 2006 the wine director at New York Times four-star seafood mecca Le Bernardin was named the Big Apple's best sommelier by New York magazine. A year later he was named the country's best sommelier by the American Sommelier Association. And in May of this year the 36-yearold Sohm won the World Sommelier Contest in Rome. Dude knows his grapes! le-bernadin.com—D.S.

FLAKIEST FLAKES: SUNRISE BISCUIT KITCHEN

Chapel Hill, NC

This 35-year-old kitchen is just a drive-through on the side of the road, yet it has a constant line of cars outside waiting for fluffy deliciousness. Made from scratch, the big, flaky biscuits melt with egg, cheese, and bacon but are strong enough to hold up to fried chicken. You need two hands to hold this much love. So long, booze flu!-B.R.

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NATIONAL FUNERAL DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONAL **CONVENTION & EXPO**

(October 12-15, Orlando)

Back at home, funeral directors maintain solemn demeanors as bereaved families sob on their shoulders about how Grandpa Milford was the salt of the earth, blah, blah. So once a year they assemble someplace sunny and blow off steam-mortician-style! "Share a few laughs over past experiences and share a few business tips over drinks," enthuses the convention preview guide. After all, "No one understands a funeral director's passion for this business better than a funeral director."

Agenda: Between checking out high-tech new caskets at the "deathcare" expo and chatting about how to jack up a grieving widow's bill, fun-lovin' undertakers can "embalm" themselves stupid at the hotel bar. (Suggested line: Walk in and loudly proclaim, "Man, this place is dead!" 2008 theme: "Ticket to Paradise." We're not making that up.

SUNBURST CONVENTION OF CELEBRITY IMPERSONATORS & LOOK-ALIKES

(September 14-18, Orlando)

Anyone ever said you look like Brad Pitt? Um. Carrot Top? Then register for this cluster of 150 average folk learning how to hustle a buck by resembling the famous. "Other resort guests freak out when they walk into the lobby and see Jessica Simpson having a drink with Colin Powell," says convention producer Greg Thompson (a.k.a. Austin Powers). Maybe that Chevy Chase look-alike could give you invaluable show biz tips. Oh, that's the real Chevy Chase? Never mind. Agenda: The subtly titled "How to Make More Money in This Business" seminar.

Quiet in back, Whoopi! Special events: Rub shoulders with an actual celebrity at the Charity Dance Party starring Lauren Chapin! You know-Kitten from the '50s sitcom Father Knows Best? Try not to faint.

SEX ADDICTS ANONYMOUS INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

(May 23-26, Seattle)

We know we're supposed to have serious business on our minds at this gathering of hundreds of 12-steppers recovering from sexual obsession. It's just that motions to convene and adoptions of the annual report make us so ... fucking ... horny. C'mon, if God didn't want us to screw our brains out at conventions, why would the Sea-Tac Marriott have public rest rooms? Or as official SAA convention literature slyly states, "Join us in celebrating our growth as a worldwide fellowship." Hot!

Agenda: Plenty of serenity prayers and soulbaring discussions of risk behavior. But the 90-minute lunch break provides ample time for a foursome in the stairwell with some newfound friends.

After hours: Saturday night leisure activities often include karaoke and a screening of the Al Franken 12-step comedy Stuart Saves His Family. You know, if you're the loser not invited to the orgy in Suite 69.



INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF GAY SQUARE DANCE CLUBS CONVENTION (July 3-6, Cleveland)

This isn't some fly-by-night gathering of gay, lesbian, and transgender square-dance enthusiasts. No, sir. More than 1,000 fancy footworkers are celebrating the convention's 25th year. Since 70 percent of attendees are men, the convention guide advises, "If you want to dance the girl's part, stand in the girl's spot and hold up your left hand." Agenda: Specialty "tips" (dances) are held for leather enthusiasts and drag queens. And there's the Moonshine Tip for hoofers to

promenade in the nude. Even that, however,

isn't as awkward as the tour of Amish country.

Local flavor:

Convention lit notes that Cleveland is home to the world's largest gay bathhouse. Grab your partner, bitch!

TIME TRAVELER CONVENTION

(May 7, 2005, Cambridge, Massachusetts) Technically, this convention of time-travel buffs at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was held three years agowithout any confirmed sightings of time travelers among the attendees. But, see, an actual time-tripper who finds out about the party now could simply travel back to then and thereby alter history now. And how would visitors from the distant future be identified? "It is possible they might look slightly different, the shape of the head, the body proportions," theorizes convention organizer Amal Dorai. And if they show up around 10:30 P.M. with extra Red Bull and onion dip, that would be awesome. Agenda: Lectures by physics professors Edward Farhi and Alan Guth had the joint jumping. But the big attraction was/is everybody's favorite 88 mph Back to the Future time machine, a DeLorean. Best pickup line: "Baby, if we have crazy monkey sex, you won't regret it in the

morning-I've already checked."

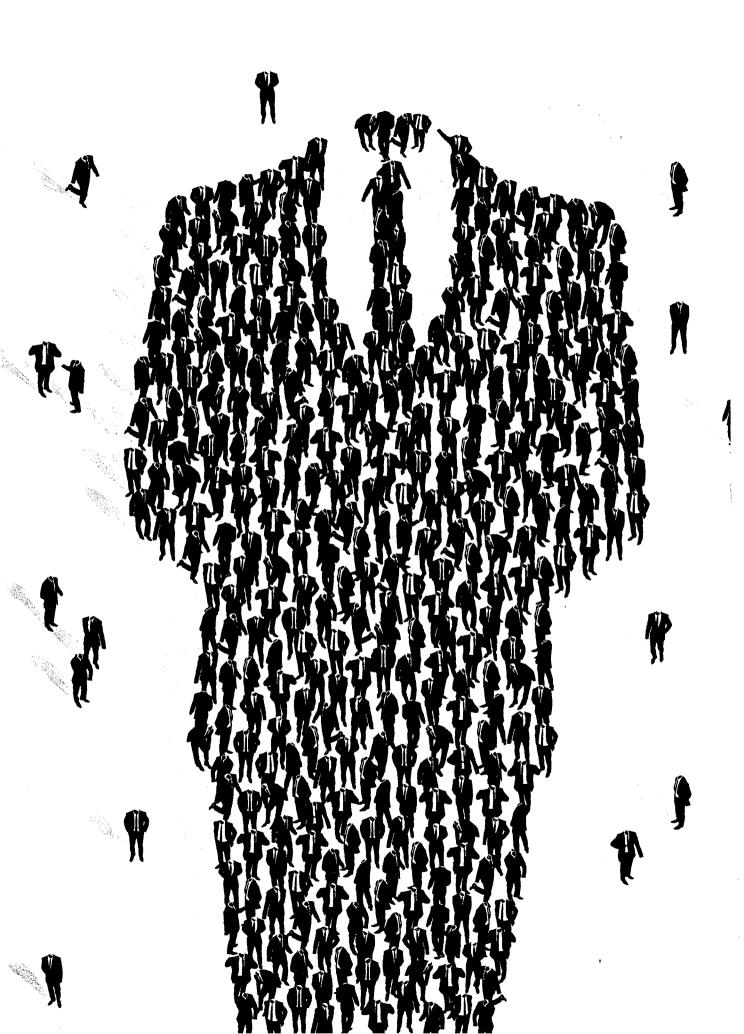
FAERIEWORLDS 2008

(August 1-3, Eugene, Oregon)



Is your local Renaissance fair too human-centric? Like a Bonnaroo staged in Middle-earth, this annual outdoor festival attracts thousands of folks dressed up as pixies, elves, and assorted mythic for-

est critters to dance under the light of the moon. "At Faerieworlds we ring the bells of faerie invitation," says event host and fantasy artist Brian Froud. "The people come. More importantly, the faeries come, too." Agenda: Good Faeries Day features big-in-Neverland band Woodland, plus a mass "spiral dance." Bang your antlers to heavier Ontal on Bad Faeries Day. (Psst-this is the best day to pick up naughty pixie chicks.) Planning ahead: Too tired to flap your gossamer wings to Oregon? No problemjust sign up for the official Faerie Carpool. Getting there is half the mystical fun!





ANONYMOUS



SCIENTOLOGY



A faceless, unstable virtual army masses to take on—and take down—the world's most secretive and terrifying religion. An exclusive report from the front lines of a 21st-century battle.

BY DAVID KUSHNER ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HEINZ



"Hello, leaders of Scientology. We are Anonymous.

Over the years, we have been watching you. Your campaigns of misinformation, your suppression of dissent, your litigious nature: all these things have caught our eye. With the leakage of your latest propaganda video into mainstream circulation, the extent of your malign influence over those who have come to trust you as leaders has been made clear to us. Anonymous has therefore decided that your organization should be destroyed...We are anonymous. We are legion.

We do not forgive. We do not forget. Expect us."

"Message to Scientology" January 21, 2008

IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT ON MARCH 15 AT THE ELECTRIC Lotus, a hip Indian bar and restaurant in Hollywood, when the secret meeting begins. Five scraggly young men and a Goth girl with purple-streaked hair gather at a long dining table in a dark back room. An Asian dude urgently devours basmati rice as if he hasn't eaten in days. A blond punk in a faded Pixies T-shirt and a black-and-white camouflage jacket keeps glancing furtively at the door.

Finally, a clean-cut 22-year-old in a T-shirt and jeans speaks up. No one here knows each other's real name, so he introduces himself under his pseudonym, Ryan. "We don't know what will happen tomorrow," Ryan says as the others nod. "We don't know what they're capable of."

Ryan's talking about the Church of Scientology, and the group at this table are foot soldiers in an underground army that's waging war against the controversial religion. They call themselves Anonymous, and with the zeal of crusaders and the flair of viral marketers, they have harnessed the Internet to assemble—and attack. They fired their first salvos in the vast, borderless void of the Web; lately they have mobilized in the real world. They take to the streets in Guy Fawkes masks and business suits, like extras in Vfor Vendetta, staging protests in over 100 cities, from Seattle to Sydney, sometimes with more than 10,000 people. Just like the one scheduled for 10 hours from now.

The Church of Scientology brands Anonymous cyberterrorists; Anonymous counters that the church is an oppressive, profit-hungry cult. To

a degree, they may both be right, and as highly sophisticated clandestine organizations they have more in common than either side would like to admit. The migration from cyberspace to the real world of Anonymous represents more than just a fight between two cutthroat combatants: It's the electronic mob personified, a new dawn of social protest engineered by young people with tools most people over 30 doesn't understand. "This is our generation's movement," says Sarah, a twentysomething "Anon," as members call themselves. "Every 40 years someone stands up and does something. This is our generation's way of doing something."

As the others dig into their tandoori chicken, Ryan stands up to address some inherent challenges they face. "This is a big sociological experiment," he says. "How does a group with no leaders organize?"

With a sense of both dread and excitement, Ryan outlines the plans for the next day, when the SoCal contingent of Anonymous will descend on Scientology's L.A. headquarters. Though their group has an amorphous structure and no true chiefs, Ryan, an articulate video game developer from San Diego, is one of the main organizers. In a hushed voice awash in anxiety and paranoia—perhaps a natural by-product of an ongoing struggle with one of the world's most feared religions—he says that "Rorschach," one of the most active SoCal Anons, woke up to find a pool of vomited blood next to his cat Mudkips' food dish. The dish smelled like ammonia. The cat was missing and hasn't been seen since. Ryan admits he has no idea for sure who, if anyone, was responsible.

PHOTOGRAPHS, SATOSHI (SUITS); PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS, HIROKI TADA!; BLAZERAND PANTS, CLUB MONACO

"But this is the kind of thing Scientology does," Ryan says. "They poisoned his cat. They killed Mudkips."

MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 2008 STARTED LIKE ANY other day on YouTube. A balding guywith crooked glasses made chamomile teain one video. Asian kids in a hot pink room danced to hip-hop in another.

Then, at 2 A.M., a nine-minute, 26-second clip appeared on the site under the seemingly benign title "Tom Cruise Scientology Video." Against an amber-hued backdrop, the now-infamous clip shows Cruise behaving as we'd never seen him before: passionate, zealous, and seemingly unhinged as he discusses the virtues of his chosen religion. "Being a Scientologist, when you drive past an accident, it's not like anyone else. As you drive past, you know you have to do something about it because you know you're the only one that can really help," he intoned, Mission Impossible—like music playing in the background. "We are the authorities on the mind...We are the way to happiness."

In the video, intended as an internal piece of church propaganda, the star of Risky Business and Top Gunis by turns earnest and fanatical. It's a bravura performance, and one the general public was never intended to see.

Days earlier Marc Ebner, a journalist who has written about Scientology for many years, had been leaked the video, and urgently spread the word. "I wanted to put it up on my Web site, but I wasn't able to do it overnight, so I immediately put out a mass e-mail to all my friends in the media," he says. "Nick Denton at Gawker Media seemed to be the only guy up at two in the morning on a Sunday. He saw that these clips showed Cruise at his most insane and said,

"These are great! I want more!" So he posted them immediately."

"If Tom Cruise jumping on Oprah's couch was an eight on the scale of scary," gushed Denton on his site. "This is a 10." Denton uploaded the video to You Tube and posted a link from Gawker. Almost immediately, the video was everywhere. Then suddenly, on January 18, the video was gone. In its place was a message: This video is no longer available due to a copyright claim by the Church of Scientology International.

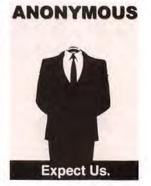
But the age of "no longer available" is no longer valid. The Napster generation expects content to be free and accessible, always and forever, online. So while the mainstream media were busy covering the Cruise story ad nauseam, a fringe, Web-based community was taking heed as well—and they didn't like what they saw.

THOUGH IT'S IMPOSSIBLETO CHARACTERIZE ANY GLOBAL collective of unidentified people, Anonymous members largely fall into the category of young, tech-savvy, dark-humored Internet geeks. The community began coalescing on 4chan. org, a massive image board founded in 2003 by an anime aficionado dubbed "Moot" as a place where users could upload and discuss random photos culled from the Web. Today it's the 56th most popular site in America. The funniest pictures and comments become running jokes called memes, many of which reach the mainstream: Rick Rolling (Rick Astley's goofy "Never Gonna Give You Up" video); the Lolcatz (shots of freaky felines with nonsensical captions); Tay Zonday's infamous "Chocolate Rain" clip, which racked up over 23 million hits on YouTube.

The point, besides laughs, is a sense of community and a celebration of free speech, and to foster it all users register under the same handle: Anonymous. They can say anything, and some do—hurling racist and homophobic epithets with abandon. Like an angry child, Anonymous







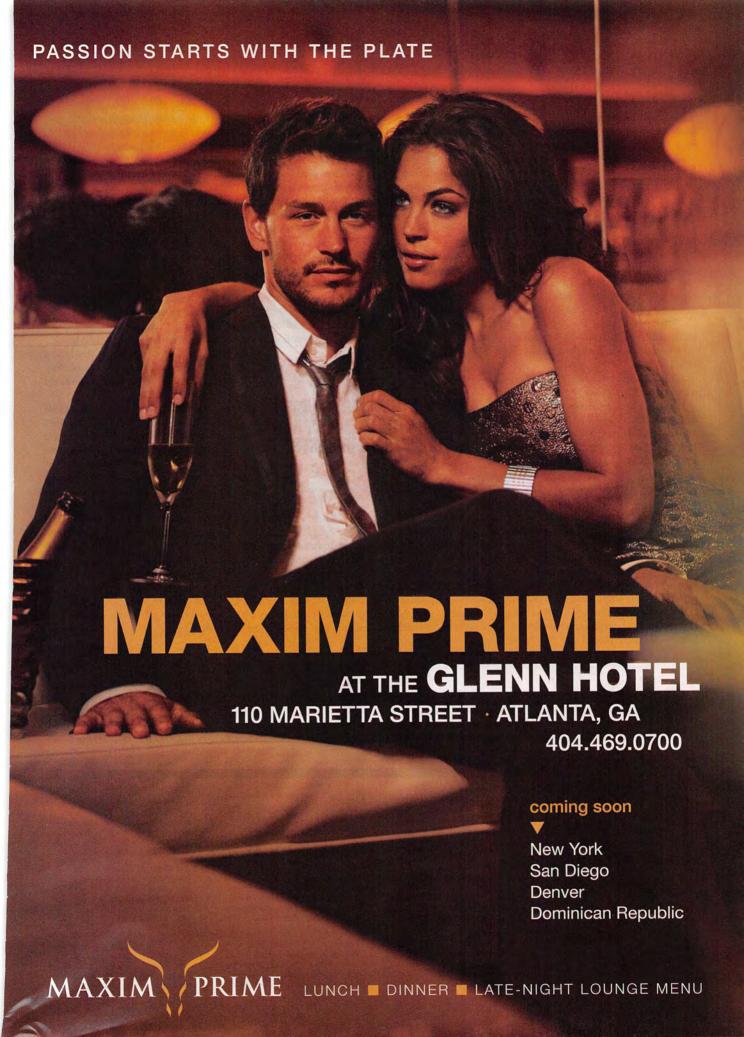
Top: An Anonymous protest outside a London Scientology center. When the Tom Cruise video (above left) was pulled from YouTube, the Anon army decided to declare war on the church.

will pick a target for its collective rage and lash out with frightening cruelty. The worst happens on a 4chan directory called "Random" or "/b/." Some of the group's stunts are harmless. Others, like when they pose as kids to entrap Internet pedophiles, or when they attacked the Web site of white supremacist leader Hal Turner, are arguably noble.

But at times the mob acts out ruthlessly, from flooding MySpace pages with gay porn to allegedly calling in bomb threats at the Super Bowl. On September 11, 2007, one user uploaded a photo of what appeared to be pipe bombs, with a message detailing plans to blow up his high school the next day. "I, along with two [o]ther Anonymous, will charge the building armed with a Bushmaster AR-15," he wrote. The kid was arrested the next day. A Fox News report branded Anonymous "hackers on steroids," "domestic terrorists," and an "Internet hate machine."

BY JANUARY 15, THE DAY THE VIDEO WAS YANKED, THE TOM Cruise discussion thread on 4chan turned into a call to arms. "I think it's time for /b/ to do something big," posted an Anonymous user at 7:37 P.M. "I'm talking about 'hacking' or 'taking down' the official Scientology Web site. It's time to use our resources to do something we believe is right. It's time to do something big again, /b/. Talk amongst one another, find a better place to plan it, and then carry out what can and must be done."

The Anons began doing what they do best: tapping the Internet's vast resources for their own goals. They started sharing the most outlandish stories they could find about Scientology: how the church was founded by L. Ron Hubbard, a middling science-fiction writer who believed that an intergalactic warlord name Xenu killed billions of beings, whose souls now infest humans. But more than the far-fetched origin story, it was the church's alleged earthbound practices that Anonymous found so



disturbing: how the church functions more like a pyramid scheme than a traditional religion; its "disconnect" policy of splitting up families; its history of punishing wayward members. And perhaps most galling to the free-speech obsessives of Anonymous, the church's campaign to silence dissent and intimidate critics. In 1965, Hubbard launched the policy of "fair game," asserting that so-called enemies of the church "may be deprived of property or injured by any means by any Scientologist without any discipline of the Scientologist. May be tricked, sued or lied to or destroyed." Though the church denies that the policy still exists, critics and former members insist nothing has changed.

For several days, Anonymous mustered its resources, discussing how they might strike and if it was even feasible:

-"mission impossible. a random image board can't take down a pseudo-religion with the backing of wealthy people and an army of lawyers."

—"then don't get involved if you don't think it's possible."

—"start small, Anon. The Web site, first. Maybe raid the forums, etc. etc. We are thousands strong, they can't sue all of us."

-"sounds good. LET THE RAID COM-MENCE."

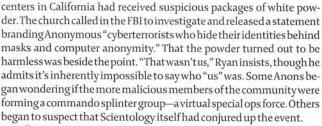
So, on January 18, the faceless army known as Anonymous attacked.

Initially, the response took the form of typical "raids": Scientology Web sites were hacked and overwhelmed with phantom users. Endless "black faxes" (pages filled entirely with a uniform black tone) spooled through Scientology fax machines, depleting ink cartridges and rendering them useless. Pizzas arrived at churches around the world, including a

reported 300 at the headquarters in Amsterdam alone.

Finally, on January 21, after several days honing the video, the "Message to Scientology" hit YouTube like some mash-up of Nine Inch Nails and 1984. In a cryptic computerized voice-over, as dark time-lapse storm clouds rolled over an unnamed city, Anonymous let their mission be known: "We acknowledge you as a serious opponent, and we are prepared for a long, long campaign. You will not prevail forever against the angry masses of the body politic. Your methods, hypocrisy, and the artlessness of your organization have sounded its death knell. You cannot hide. We are everywhere."

* * *



Still, some veteran opponents of the church—such as 52-year-old Mark Bunker, a wry and avuncular TV producer who had been fighting the church for a decade—were concerned with Anonymous' methods. On January 27, Bunker posted a message to Anonymous on YouTube. Despite his excitement that Anonymous was seeking to expose the truth about Scientology, Bunker challenged the group to put aside the hacker tricks and focus on political action. "The tactics Anonymous was using—like shutting down Scientology Web sites—were horribly wrong,"

he told Maxim. But rather than becoming irate with him, Anonymous embraced Bunker and his message, affectionately dubbing him "Wise Beard Man."

The day of Bunker's message, a new video appeared on YouTube under the heading "A Call to Action." The familiar robotic staccato voice called on Anonymous to take its crusade to the streets with real-world protests at church centers everywhere. "Be very wary of the 10th of February," the voice warned.

So, on February 10, Anonymous finally

moved offline. It was a momentous occasion: In hundreds of cities across the globe, thousands of protesters gathered dressed in outlandish costumes. Outside the Scientology church on Hollywood Boulevard, Bunker, Ebner, and other old-school opponents of the religion joined Anonymous members carrying signs reading SCIENTOLOGY DESTROYS FAMILIES, HONK FOR XENU, and RELIGION SHOULD BE FREE. It was a sight unlike anything they'd seen before. For decades the church had been notorious for targeting critics, but here were critics who were, by their very design, impossible to pin down.



WITHIN FOUR DAYS, "MESSAGE TO SCIENTOLOGY" HAD racked up 800,000 views, but in the meantime some of the more nefarious elements of Anonymous seemed to be acting out on their own. News reports surfaced that 24 Scientology

IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SCIENTOLOGY struck back. On March 12 the church posted a video on YouTube: "To inform Anonymous members who may be unaware of the criminal acts committed by their leaders, and to prevent others from being misled by Anonymous propaganda, the church has pro-

THE OFFENDIX Decoding the strange, underground world of Anonymous

4chan [fôr'chan] n.

A virtual home base to Anonymous. 44 separate image boards with topics from porn to anime, 4chan's noregistration policy lets users post any comment as "Anonymous."

With over 137 million posts, /b/ (or Random) is the most trafficked board on 4chan and is marked by dark humor, inside jokes, and rampant homophobia and racism.

"Chocolate Rain" [chô'kuh lit rān] n. This bizarre YouTube smash's composer credits his subsequent Dr Pepper commercial and Weezer cameo to 4chan.

Lolcatz [lol'kats] n. Felines with added, occasionaly funny captions in "lolspeak," an unruly version of pigeon English.

Lulz [luls] n.

The bastardization of LOL. "It's all for the lulz" has become something of an Internet philosophy-from bomb threats to toying with pedophiles in chat rooms, it's all for fun.

Meme [mēm] n.

Coined as a scientific unit of cultural evolution, meme became a quick descriptor of a running Internet joke, video, or idea that has per-vaded the mainstream, e.g., Lolcatz.

Mudkips [mud'kips] n. A creature in the Nintendo game

Pokémon, mudkips became comic after a tale posted on /b/ described a plushy 'kip, a teen, and an act of intercourse. Look it up yourself.

Rick Rolling [rik'rol ing] v. Disguising links so they lead not to the intended destination but to Rick Astley's video "Never Gonna Give You Up.'



Epic Fail Guy [ep'ik fal gī] n. Originally a stick figure that made appearances on 4chan posts. An Anonymous' addition of a Guy Fawkes mask made him a mascot of any unfunny 4chan thread.



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At the March 15 rally in L.A., masked Scientologists infiltrated the Anons, seeking to ID leaders like Gareth, a.k.a. Ryan (left). The protest was held on the birthday of L. Ron Hubbard (right).

duced a video to provide the facts." In the video, a disembodied voice runs through a litany of acts: "While claiming they are peaceful, in less than three weeks Anonymous members made or encouraged 8,139 harassing or threatening phone calls, 3.6 million malicious e-mails, 141 million hits against church Web sites, 10 acts of vandalism, 22 bomb threats, and eight death threats against members and officials of the Church of Scientology. These are the facts."

As far as the church is concerned, "Claims of altruistic purposes enunciated in Anonymous' statements to the press are no different than those by any cyberterrorist or hate groups." In a 10-page letter to Maxim, Karin Pouw, Scientology's director of public affairs, likened Anonymous' actions to those of the Nazis and the KKK: "The Church and its parishioners seek only to halt the illegal campaign of violence, terror, and intimidation perpetrated by individuals who call themselves Anonymous."

Scientologywasn't taking any chances, though. A video posted March 13 revealed the identities, and faces, of three Anons, including Rorschach, Ryan's friend whose cat went missing later that day.

private eye working for the church, and though police question him, he's ultimately let go. An Anon rushes up to videotape the scene and asks the man, "Why would you bring a gun to a peaceful protest."

"I'm not here for a peaceful protest, friend," he replies.

"Well, you got people upset because you're brandishing a gun," the Anon says.

"I'm not brandishing anything," the old guy replies, palms upturned. He quickly disappears behind the barricades.

At around 1 P.M., a bustle of activity stirs on the sidewalk near Ryan. Beneath a cluster of trees across Sunset, two ostensible protesters in Guy Fawkes masks huddle next to him. Each holds an identical sign. At the top it reads JUST FORLULZ. Below are two photos: one of Ryan in a Guy Fawkes mask and one of Ryan unmasked. Below the picture is his full name and address, with the message: ANONYMOUS NO MORE. A red arrow points down at Ryan where he stands.

With every move the pair trail him as others in Fawkes masks close in. "I'm Gareth!" one Anon begins shouting, using Ryan's now-revealed real name. Other masked protesters join in, like the scene in Spartacus. "I'm Gareth!" Soon they're all shouting, "I'm Gareth!" And, of course, there's no way to tell who is real or fake.

But the actual Gareth is reeling. After pacing around, he jumps into a getaway car driven by his friends. They careen away, checking in the rearview mirror at a silver Toyota Sienna minivan in hot pursuit. One Anon takes pictures of the van. Another writes down the plates. The chase goes on for 30 minutes, until they make a last-second exit off the freeway.

"It's one thing when Scientologists go after other people," Gareth says as the car weaves in and out of traffic. "It's another when it happens to you." The photo on the sign seems to have been taken in his garage in San Diego. "They must have followed me there," he says. He worries about his family and friends and the harassment they might face. "The guy with the sign asked how Rorschach was."

IT'STHEMORNINGOFMARCH 15, AND RYANANDTHEOTHERS slip into their business suits and Guy Fawkes masks to head for the protest. Today is L. Ron Hubbard's birthday celebration, so Ryan dons a shiny purple party hat. When they join hundreds of other protesters outside Big Blue—their nickname for the church on Sunset Boulevard—several Scientologists stand waiting to greet them. Cleancut young men and attractive women in khakis and buttoned blue shirts mill in front of the entrance, above which rises a multicolored balloon arch. For now police keep the protesters coralled across Sunset on the sidewalk in front of the Kaiser Permanente medical center, but as the crowd swells, ever more Anons cross the boulevard toward the church.

Among the protesters, a party atmosphere prevails. In addition to countless Anons in Guy Fawkes masks, there's Snow White, Freddy Krueger, Spider-Man, Richard Nixon, and Optimus Prime. As the number of protesters grows—eventually to 600—they begin to chant, "Tax the cult! Tax the cult!" A plane flies overhead with the banner HONK/YELL IF YOU THINK SCIENTOLOGY IS A CULT. With each carthat honks, Ryan and the others cheer and pump their fists. TV crews mill about, interviewing Anonymous members as well as old guard anti-Scientologists such as Bunker. But the Scientologists have also come prepared, mounting a 12-foot video monitor near the entrance to Big Blue to drown out the noise.

Suddenly, an Anonymous protester with a red bandanna covering his face comes sprinting down the sidewalk. "A gun!" he yells, "There's a guy with a gun!" Soon more Anons nervously chime in.

They're talking about an elderly man with a white beard, white hair, glasses, a beige blazer, and brown pants. Rumors spread that he's a

IT'S DIFFICULTTO SAY WHATTHE NEXT BATTLE IN THE WAR will entail and how long the Anonymous crusade will last. After all, the You Tube generation has a tendency to bore easily, and it's possible that some new target will catch the fancy of Anonymous, that they'll collectively shift course like a flock of birds or an easily distracted child. But the damage may well be done. The Church of Scientology has always maintained power by controlling its secrets, and the Internet has lifted that veil of secrecy. For decades protesters have preached the evils of the church, and in Anonymous the traditional anti-Scientologists have finally found the muscle they need.

Still, despite evidence that enrollment in the church is dwindling, Scientology claims to be stronger than ever. "You are missing the real story," Karin Pouw, the church representative, told Maxim. "In fact, the Church of Scientology has expanded more in the last five years than in the previous five decades combined."

While Anonymous has more protests on the horizon, there's already talk about applying its full-frontal assaults to other targets: politicians, warmongers, polluters. And Anonymous may not have to stay masked forever. As Marc Bunker notes, "Eventually you have to man up, stand up, and be counted. You're going to have more believability if you show your face and people can look at you and see you."

When asked how he feels now that he has been unmasked, Ryan falls quiet before admitting to a feeling that surprises him: empowerment. While there remains a certain safety in being unknown, Ryan is ready to come out and take a stand, and he doesn't care who knows his real name. He's Gareth Alan Cales. "Now I don't have to worry about hiding anymore," he says. "There's a sense that I can do anything."

Insurance

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Worst Job: Once, I had to go undercover as an anime character. The weird fan mail drove me nuts!

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Turn Off: Over-priced auto insurance

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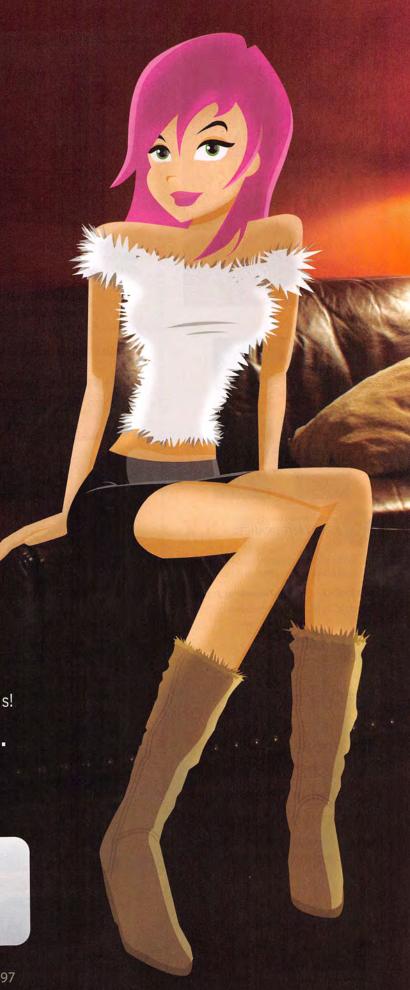
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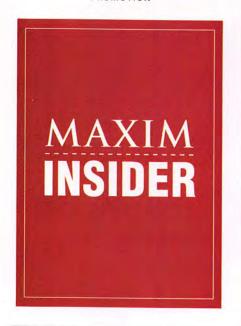
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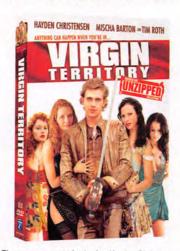


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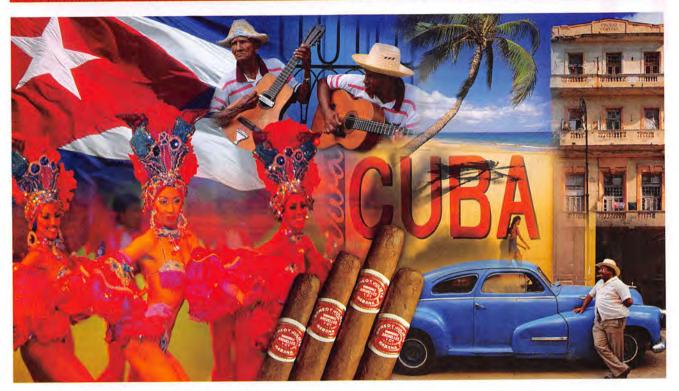


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CUBA CALLING

When Fidel kicks, this surreal Soviet-era paradise may well be transformed into an overcrowded tourist trap. So go now, and say hello to unspoiled beaches, a culture built on rum and cigars, and plenty of salsa-dancing señoritas. OK, *mang*?

Rent a Chauffered Vintage Chevy

When Castro seized power in 1959, the free world stopped selling cars to Cuba. The result: "The streets of Cuba remain a time warp of bouncy Detroit dowagers," says Christopher P. Baker, author of Mi Moto Fidel: Motorcycling Through Castro's Cuba. Join Havana's rusted-out cream puff parade in style by hiring an old-school Chevrolet convertible—with chauffeur—from the state-run hotel group Gran Caribe. Don't worry, you can afford it: Car and driver will cost you just \$500 a week. Gran Caribe, 07/648-7338, cuba.cu/turismo/panatrans/grancar.htm

Girls! Girls! Girls!

Sadly, the island's mobster-run casinos, strip clubs, and live sex shows are all gone. But one prerevolutionary slice of sin survived Castro's reign: the sexed-up cabarets espectáculos. And one of Cuba's hottest girlie shows is at the Tropicana in Santiago. To placate the censors, the fleshfest doubles as a tempting tutorial on Cuba's rich heritage. Yep, it's a history lesson via erotic gyrations. Bonus: The Tropicana's postshow disco is the epicenter of nightlife, drawing sexy local Latinas, who come to salsa. Autopista Nacional, Santiago, 022/68-7020

Commune With Sharks!

You won't experience much Cuban culture on Cayo Largo—a tourists-only, government-run island on the Caribbean side. "The sugar-white, talcum powder-fine deserted beach of Playa Paradiso is among the best stretch of sand in the world," says Baker. For some truly intense ocean adventure, sign up with Avalon Dive Center and take a trip to the Jardines de la Reina archipelago, a pristine playpen where you can swim with—and even ride atop—whale sharks (if you've got the cojones). divingincuba.com

Skip the Spam

Thanks to scarce food resources, that mouth-watering Cuban cuisine you chow down in the States isn't what most restaurants serve on the island. "Cubans joke that the three biggest failures of the revolution are breakfast, lunch, and dinner," says Baker. To wit: Spam sandwiches are commonplace. For four-star food, head to Los Nardos, the best restaurant in Havana. Be sure to try the famous grilled garlic shrimp and the killer sangria, and ask for malanga and onions instead of rice, gringo. Paseo del Prado 563, Havana, 07/863-2985

Build a superfast first step with this killer workout from the U.S. Olympic badminton team. (Seriously.)

sually when you hear "explosive first step," you think of LeBron or LaDainian. But some of the quickest footwork in sports comes from guys who whack their shuttlecocks all day: world-class badminton players. On the top courts, this seemingly lazy lawn sport becomes a brutally fast blur, with the shuttlecock shooting off the racket at more than 200 miles per hour, the fastest projectile of any sport (jai alai included). To perform—and win—at this breakneck pace requires some serious shuffling. "Our training is all about explosiveness and footwork," says top-ranked Beijing-bound U.S. doubles player Howard Bach. We deconstructed Bach's leg-blasting six-step speed drills so you can be the fastest in your sport—whether it's ultramarathons or beer pong. Get ready to respect the shuttlecock!





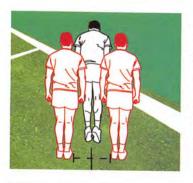
Box Jump

Now you have a slightly less creepy reason to clock time in the aerobics classroom at the gym. Stand in front of a one- to two-foot-tall step box (two stair steps is its equivalent) with your feet slightly wider than shoulder width apart. Squat down, then leap up, landing on the box. Hop back down—that's one rep. Do three sets of 20. "After a few that two feet will seem like 20," says Tony Gunawan, Bach's coach and a 2000 Olympic doubles gold medalist from Indonesia.



Ladder Laps

Use tape to make a "rail-road track" on the floor with 10 one-by-one-foot boxes. Do high knees through the track, with each foot stepping once in each box. Jog back, then repeat four times. "Once you get the footwork down, keep your eyes and head straight ahead, chin up," says Gunawan. This long spinehead position takes the strain off the lower back, saving you the embarrassment of telling people you hurt yourself during, um, a badminton workout.



Rope Jump

Lay a rope along the floor and stand six inches away with your right hip facing the rope. Jump sideways over the rope plus six inches. Bach says the key to making these boost your first step (read: kill your quads) is keeping your feet together when you jump and land—or else you're just a dude prancing over a rope in the aerobics room! Once you land, jump back to the starting position as quickly and smoothly as you can. That's one rep. Do three sets of zo.



One-Legged Jump

This one separates the badminton badasses from the busters. First, it blasts your legs and core and steels your balance. Second, it tests the mettle of your self-confidence, because if you do it right, you'll look like a nerve-damaged kangaroo. Stand on one leg, with the other leg bent behind you. Bend your standing leg to squat down so your thigh is parallel to the floor, then jump as high as you can. Land, switch legs, and repeat. Do three sets of 12 jumps per leg.



Wall Sit

Place your back against a wall and slide down so that your thighs are parallel to the floor as if you were a human chair awaiting the backside of Adriana Lima. While lost in your fantasy, press the small of your back into the wall and squeeze your quads and calves. You're doing it right when your thighs feel like they're being blowtorched. Sit for one minute, rest for 30 seconds, then sit for two minutes, rest for 30 seconds, then sit for three minutes.



Stopwatch Suicides "This sprint drill is all

about reaction time and explosive push-off," says Gunawan. Set a stopwatch to beep every 15 seconds and get into an upright starting position (knees slightly bent, one leg behind the other). At the first beep, sprint full speed for 50 feet. Gradually slow down, get back into your starting stance, and, at the next beep, sprint again. Do 20 sprints, exploding out of the start as quickly as possible. Congrats, you're now a badminton bull!

MAXIM PRESENTS

VERIZON WIRELESS GIRL OF THE MONTH

HOW DO YOU GET TO KNOW a gorgeous model like Jennifer Hart? It's easier than you might think—just invite her to dinner and a movie. She only has one request: No short guys, please.

Q: How did you decide to model for Maxim?

A: I sent in my pictures to Hometown Hotties because I thought it'd be fun to do.

Q: How do you get psyched up for photo shoots?

A: I pose in front of the mirror to make sure I don't look ridiculous, but that's about it.

66 I want a phone that does all my schoolwork. 99

Q: What's the weirdest place you've ever taken a call on your mobile phone?

A: I've answered the phone in the bathroom. That's sort of embarrassing.

Q: Describe your ideal man.

A: I'm short so I like guys who are tall, at least 6 feet. I like dark hair, dark eyes.

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CAST







Photograph by Amber Grey | Styling by Yana Kamps

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HOW WE DID IT

We had Dan Gordon, cofounder of Gordon Biersch Brewing Co., and Garrett Oliver, brewmaster of Brooklyn Brewery, pick the 30 best labels in the six ale genres, differentiated by their hops flavor (the more hops flavor, the more bitter the taste). We then drank 'em and picked our faves. Thank us later!







THE BEER HUNTER

Ale was the fastest growing beer category in the U.S. last year, thanks to thirsty summertime swillers seeking hopped-up refreshment. Drink in the only guide you'll ever need to the new stud of suds.

1. Summer Ale

This genre was invented fairly recently by marketers, so flavors can vary, says Gordon. Still, most summer ales have a bold taste but are refreshing enough for all-day outdoor drinking. Best for: Poolside party sessions

Maxim's pick: Samuel Adams Summer Ale Comments: "Crisp flavor and light feel" "It bites, but it hurts so good!"

Runner-up: Goose Island Summertime Ale

CHUGABILITY ...

2. Belgian Wheat Ale

These are hazy, yeast-heavy ales that are easy on the palate, Oliver says. Skip the orange slice, as wheat ales are already lightly spiced with orange peel and coriander.

Best for: A dinner of lobster, shrimp, and other tasty sea creatures

Maxim's pick: St. Bernardus Witbier Comment: "I'm lost in its floral essence."

Runner-up: Ommegang Witte CHUGABILITY

3. India Pale Ale

IPAs have a bolder flavor than regular pale ales, with effusive hops aromatics, says Gordon. They're good for sipping and with spicy dishes. Best for: Tempering that scorching Indian or Thai dish you just ordered

Maxim's pick: Lagunitas IPA

Comments: "Quality hops flavor, but not over the top." "I want this inside me."

Runner-up: Dogfish Head 60 Minute IPA CHUGABILITY

4. Belgian-Style Pale

The champagne of beers. (Sorry, Miller High Life.) "They're golden-colored, dry, refreshing, and strong," says Oliver.

Best for: Washing down eggs benedict at a hangover-killing brunch

Maxim's pick: Duvel

Comments: "A delicious gulp of 8.5 percent alcohol" "I can't feel my hands, but that's good."

Runner-up: Saison Dupont CHUGABILITY ...

5. Pale Ale

Crisp, honey-hued brews with fruity flavors, these beers balance their hops with roasted malt flavors, says Gordon.

Best for: All-day BBQs

Maxim's pick: Sierra Nevada Pale Ale Comments: "It's not trying too hard." "Smoooove!"

Runner-up: Burning River Pale Ale (Great Lakes Brewing Company)

CHUGABILITY .

6. Brown Ale

"If well-balanced, brown ales can go great with the summer heat. They possess some caramelized flavors that meld nicely with steak, lamb, and burgers," says Oliver.

Best for: A meat-tastic blowout

Maxim's pick: Goose Island Nut Brown Ale Comments: "Makes me want a cheeseburger." "Nutty in a good way, not an 'attic twin' nutty."

Runner-up: Newcastle Brown Ale

CHUGABILITY ...

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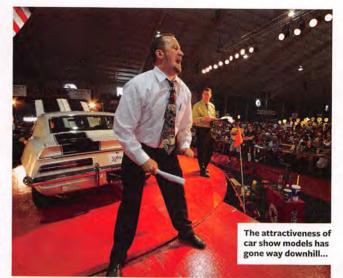
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CASH DRIVEN

The savvy investor's cheat sheet to cracking the classic car auction code and driving away richer.

ooking to buy a carthat'll make money? Skip cop sales and Craigslist and head to classic car auctions, where the bid blocks are free of Katrina clunkers. "Bargain investments, that you can drive, can be had at auction if you know what to look for," says Keith Martin, publisher of Sports Car Market Magazine. His No. 1 rule: Buy a fixable ride ("You know many Lotus mechanics?") that has collector's cachet. Here's a guide to cars that will revyour pulse and your bank account.—Lawrence Ulrich



Pontiac Trans Am (1971-76)

GOING PRICE \$40,000



The screaming chicken symbol of the '70s is back; just hope you can get the Hai Karate scent out of the seats. The Pontiac's following grew steadily from its 1969 birth, then exploded in 1977 thanks to Smokey and the Bandit. Solid 1971-76 specimens are among the era's last old-school bigblock engines—and most prized. Score one and you're a lucky sumbitch.

Datsun 240Z (1969-73)

GOING PRICE



In fall 1969, when Japanese cars were squirrel-powered and style-free, the Datsun 240Z revolutionized the game. (The name change from the Japan market's Fairlady Z didn't hurt). The Z's 150 horsepower gave it half the output of some Detroit muscle cars. Still, the \$3,500 Datsun was the poor man's Porsche. A mint 240Z is a bargain for budget collectors.

Oldsmobile 442 (1968-71)

GOING PRICE \$50,000



Not only is this handsome vintage car perfect for cranking Foghat's Slow Ride; its V-8 and 390 horses pack serious muscle. Be sure to snag a model that's pre-'72, the fateful year the Clean Air Act enforced unleaded gas and emissions controls that strangled the power boost of this and all muscle cars. Stupid environment!

Austin Healey 3000 (1959-67)

GOING PRICE \$60,000



For those who can't afford a six-figure Aston Martin or Jag, the Austin Healey is the next best Brit. The enduringly gorgeous, fun-to-drive Austin was a relatively affordable sports car built in England. Downside: high maintenance. Breakdowns are a way of life. Upside: Austin clubs dot the U.S., offering a solid network of mechanics and a shoulder to cry on.

Buick Grand National GNX (1987)

GOING PRICE \$30,000



If you teased your mullet in the '80s and/or can argue that Def Leppard's High 'n' Dry is, dude, way better than Pyromania, then the Buick GNX needs no introduction. For all others, this rarity (only 547 were made) was the Maserati of the trailer park with a Corvette-crushing 276 hp and a turbo V-6. This is one of the few collectible Detroit cars from the '80s.

Auction Calendar

AUG. 15 16

Sports & Classics of Monterey Who: RM Auctions

Where: Monterey, CA Scouting report: Bring your wallet. The 23rd Monterey auction will offer high-end classics-including a'57 Chrysler Ghia Diablo that will fetch at least \$2.5 million.

AUG. 28 29 30 31

SEPT. 1 2 Auburn Fall Collec-

tor Car Auction Who: Kruse International Where: Auburn, IN Scouting report: The world's largest collector car auction will put roughly 5,000 cars on the block this year.

OCT. 16 17 18

Barrett-Jackson Collector Car Event Who: Barrett-Jackson

Auction Company Where: Las Vegas Scouting report: This is the first Vegas spectacular for B-J, whose annual Scottsdale auction (held in January) saw \$88 million in sales this year.

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Too cheap for a set of Bose? Here's how to get snaps, crackles, and pop songs from your cereal box.



Superglue
 Electrical tape

· Way too much time

Utility knife

Checklist

- Music greeting card
- Old headphones
- Empty variety pack cereal box



Ever wish your Corn Pops could play music? We thought so. Let's rip the speaker from a music card, strap it to a mini cereal box, and create an iPod-ready boom unit! First, carefully cut out the speaker with a knife, snipping the wires from the circuit board. Then unfold the box.



Your headphone cord will connect your iPod to the speaker, so you only need one side (L or R) of the wire. Cut off the R headphone, exposing the wire. Then cut away the L wire (the side you don't need) where the two lines converge.







Now carefully superglue the box back together, hook up your iPod, and proceed to rock out. Congrats! The system is perfect for your tiny kitchen, a great talking point for your guests, and a shining example of just how clever (and broke) you are!



Cut a hole the same size as the headphone on the front of the cereal box. Then glue the speaker flush to the box. And make sure the speaker is facing out toward you; you don't want to muffle your "Very Best of Michael McDonald" playlist. The man is a genius.



Connect the exposed headphone wire to the speaker wires by twisting them together and sealing with electrical tape. This can get frustrating, but don't give up: You're so close to impressing everyone in your Battlestar Galactica chat room. Keep going!



One Dam Good BieR

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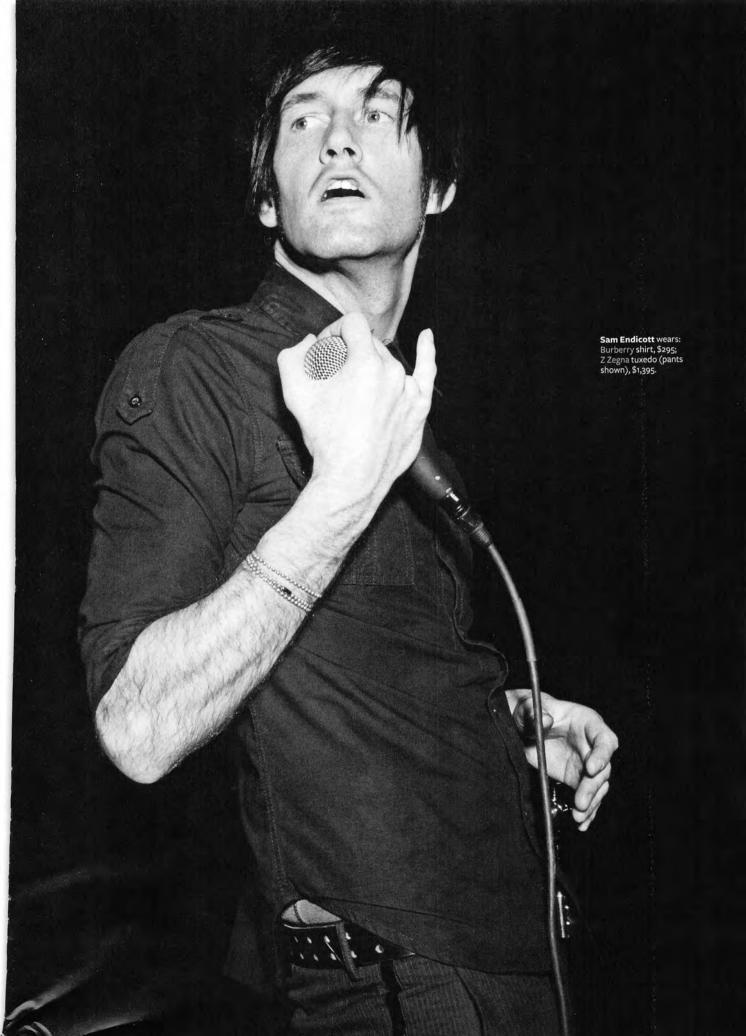
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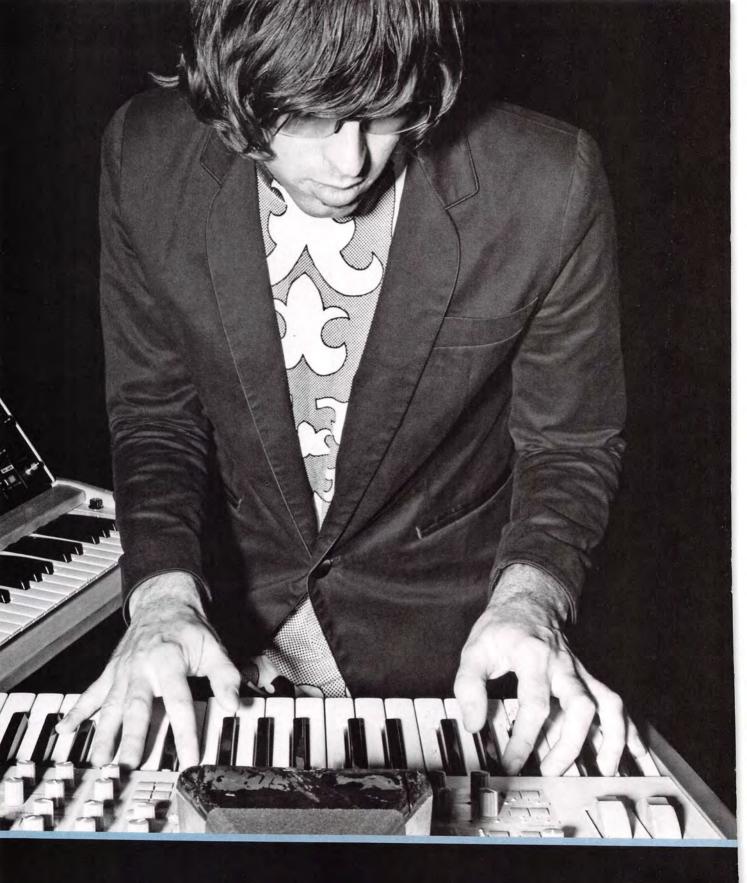
ROCK +ROLL

On the road with fashion-forward New Wave revivalists THE BRAVERY.

BY LEE BAILEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK OCKENFELS 3

FANTASY

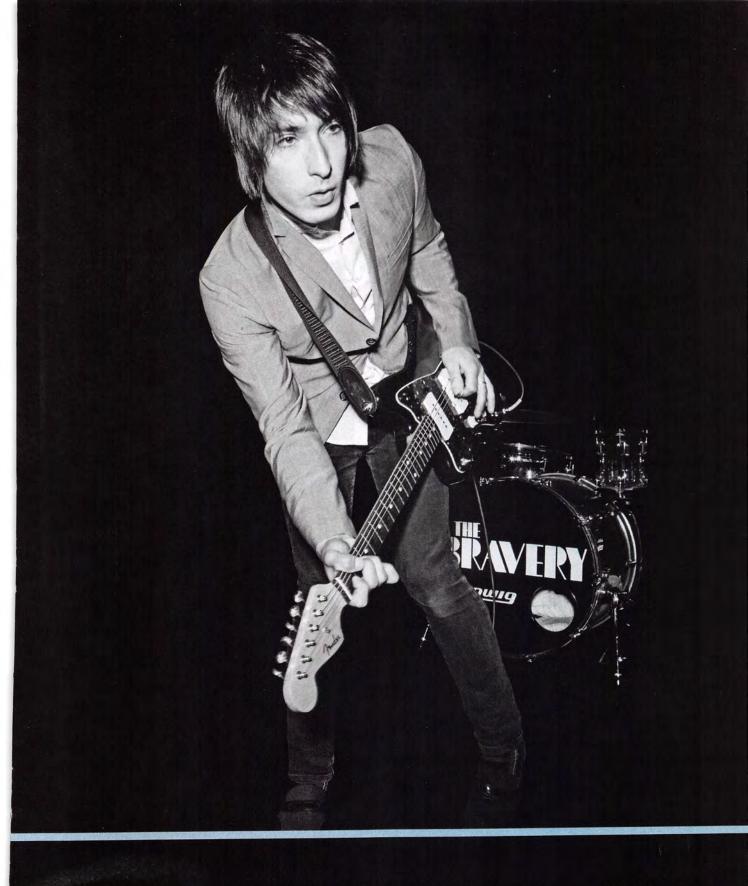




Pity Sam Endicott. It's not easy being the frontman of a major rock band, spending your days stuck on a luxury tour bus and your nights playing live before thousands of adoring fans. In the three years since the Bravery busted out of the post-Strokes pack with their revisionist New Age anthem "An Honest Mistake," the band's singer and style icon has had to endure his share of rock'n'roll indignities: a high-profile feud with label mates the Killers, a justifiably oft-ridiculed white-boy dreadlocks phase (it was college), and the smotheringly slavish attention of the British music press ("Raging Hedonists!" screamed U.K. rock bible the *NME*).

"Music is just a small part of rock'n'roll as expressed in the media. They're much more interested in whether you're doing drugs or who you've been sleeping with or how you dress," laments Endicott. "Suddenly, so much

John Conway wears: The Cast blazer, \$465; Ksubi T-shirt, his own.

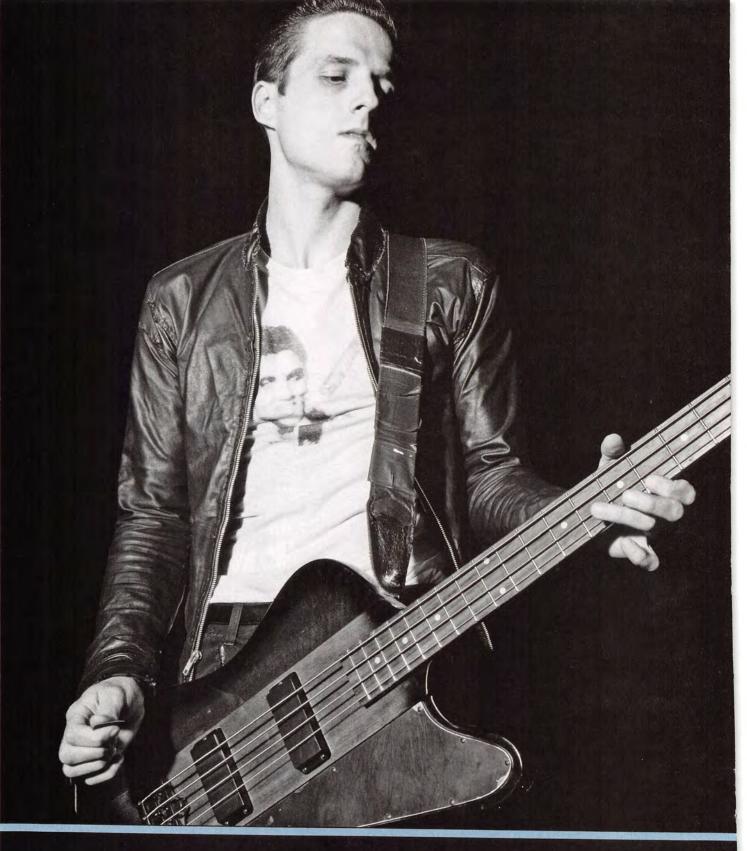


about the way we looked and our behavior was what mattered in all the interviews. That was very strange for me—and I think for the rest of the band as well."

me—and I think for the rest of the band as well."

Still, with their effortlessly cool take on downtown chic, the Bravery have been at the vanguard of rock'n'roll fashion from the beginning. Ever since the release of their self-titled debut in 2005, the New York-based band—formed by Endicott, keyboardist John Conway, lead guitarist Michael Zakarin, bassist Mike Hindert, and drummer Anthony Burulcich—has been hailed as rock's next big thing. Now, in 2008, they've shifted tacks. Though they've always been celebrated for their fashion-forward style, this time around the eyeliner's not laid on quite so thick, the haircuts are less angular, the ties and jeans are not quite so skinny. The band's sophomore

Michael Zakarin wears: Costume National blazer, \$1,254; Academie wingtip shirt, \$85; Saint Augustine Academy jeans, \$188.

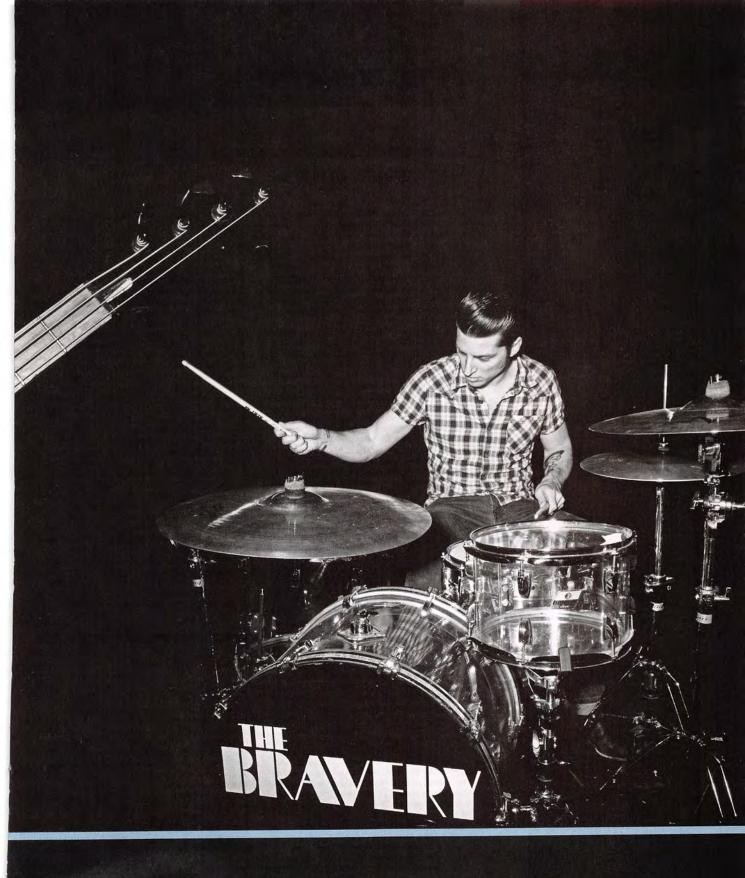


effort, *The Sun and the Moon*, supplements their synth-heavy sound with more organic elements, and on the road this summer with Linkin Park and Chris Cornell for the massive Projekt Revolution tour, the band will be reaching a whole new audience. "We've never played a big festival like this," Endicott admits. "But we're excited, and we're gonna white-knuckle our way through it."

For pow the band is gotting played of exposure through less traditional means. The single "Religion" (which

For now the band is getting plenty of exposure through less traditional means. The single "Believe" (which reached number four on the charts) has been featured in Gap ads and on Gossip Girl, Ugly Betty, and The Hills. But don't accuse Endicott of selling out. "The way I look at it is like this: You used to hear about music through the radio or MTV. MTV doesn't play videos anymore. And rock radio is a shambles," he argues. "The cool thing

Mike Hindert wears: Armani Exchange leather jacket, \$425; vintage Elvis T-shirt, his own; Academie high water pants, \$130.



is, there are all these new media outlets for music, the Internet being the most obvious one, with MySpace or a band's Web site. But there's also video games, movie soundtracks, TV shows, and commercials. They have all completely embraced new music. If it's just a song, like 99 percent of songs—like most of our songs—and not political, then what does it matter how it's used?"

In the meantime, it's life on the road, though the Bravery have had to downgrade their ride. "We had a really nice bus on another tour, but the driver kicked us off. We fucked it up too much," says Endicott. "Our tour manager said, 'See, that's why we can't have nice things.' We're not assholes about it, but we're 10 guys on one bus. Shit gets messy and fucked up so we're not allowed to have the really nice bus." It's tough to be a rock star.

messy and fucked up, so we're not allowed to have the really nice bus." It's tough to be a rock star.

Anthony Burulcich wears: H&M plaid shirt, \$25; Levi's 511 skinny jeans, \$54.

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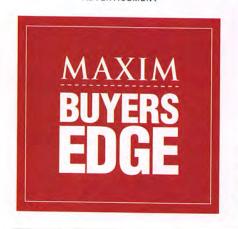
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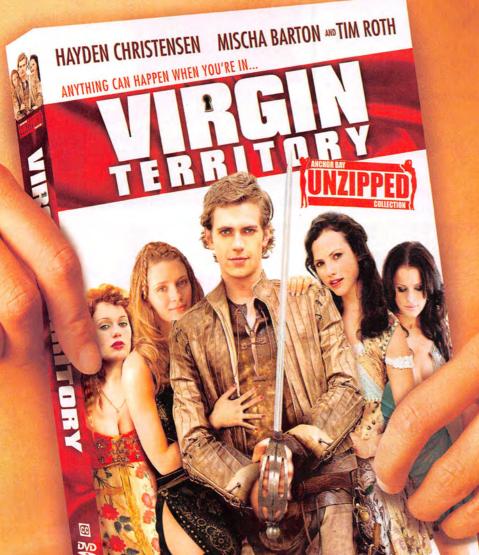
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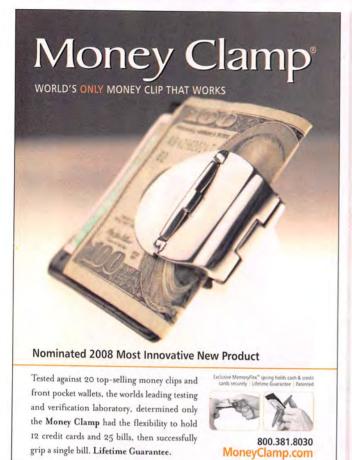


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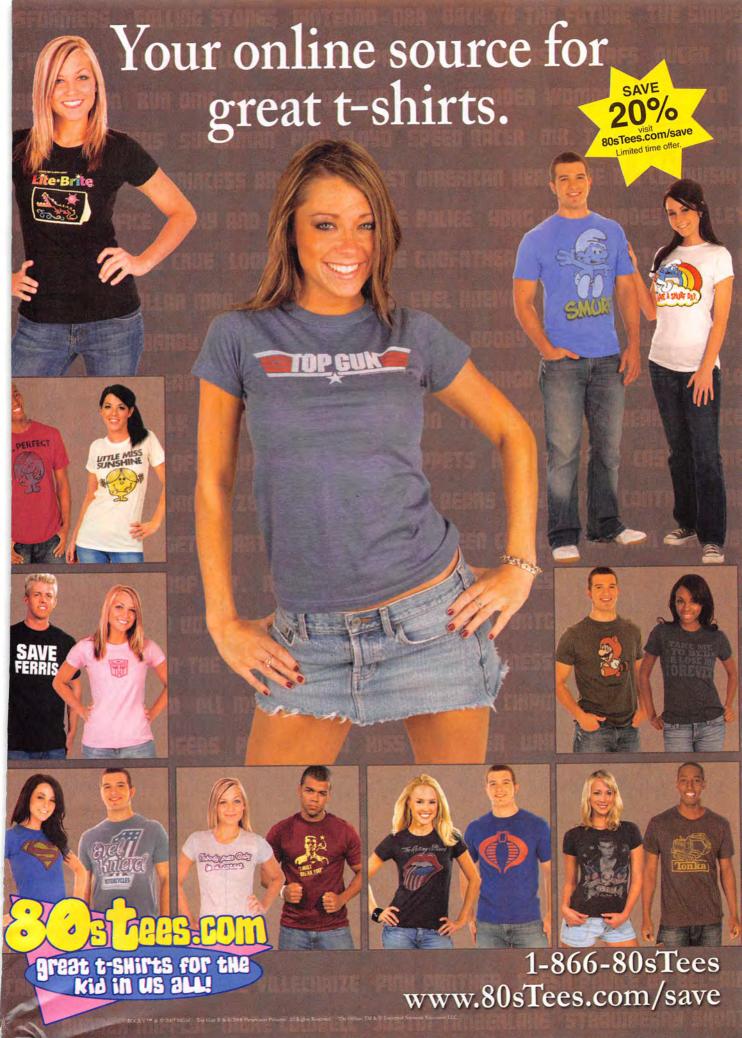
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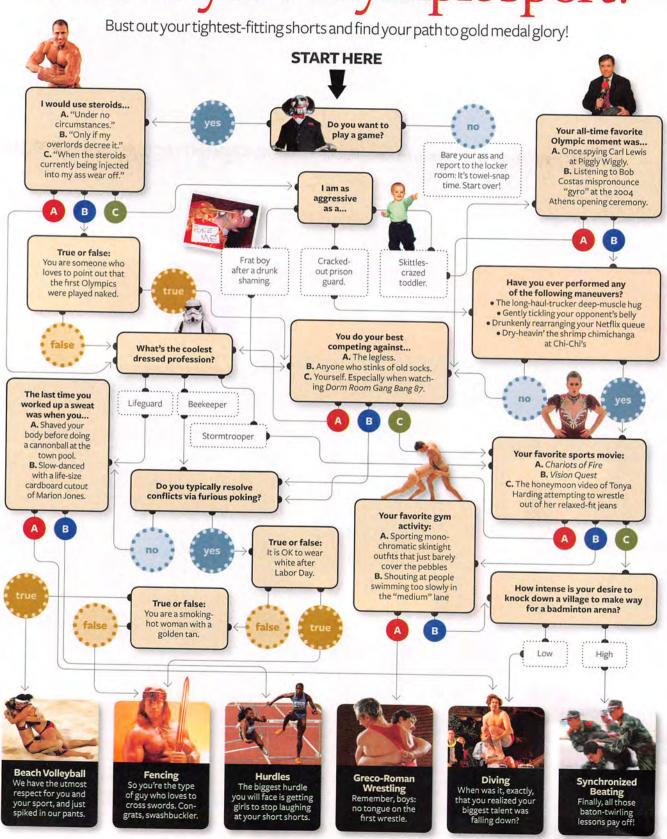


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